YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ JAN. 27 1943

VOL. 1, NO. 33

By the men . . for the men in the service

AFRICAN CLIPPER

With an antiaircraft machine gun not too far away, Sgt. Orland McCall, who used to be a barber back in Boston, Mass., finds a customer on the North African desert. The guy getting clipped is T/Sgt. Aime Lemieux of Fall River, Mass.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TUNIS : COMMUNIQUE . ONLY ROUTINE

The motor roared and so did the enemy's machine guns, mortars and hand grenades. But we were on our way.

ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT [By Radio]—"There was only routine patrol activity," the communique said. But communiques never say much; an eyewitness account does.

What our CO told us that moonless, brooding night while we stood impatiently beside our two jeeps was more like it.

"Your mission," he said spreading out his map, "is to discover whether the enemy has occupied this point; if so, with what type of guns. You will attempt to secure this information by observation. If that's impossible—and it probably will be—you will draw his fire and observe the number of guns, their location and their type. You will keep one jeep well to the rear for your get-away, so we'll be certain to get the report. Any questions?"

There were no questions. When you're staring night in the face, with the enemy somewhere out in that night, you understand your orders well enough. The questions you're thinking you don't ask. Nobody could answer them anyway.

Ten men were picked for this particular job, one that had been made possible by the hard, intelligent inland fighting of Col. Edson D. Raff and his paratroops.

Commander a Very Cool Guy

We were under the command of Lt. James A. Root, of Middlebury, Vt., a graduate of Middlebury College, and a veteran of Camps Devens, Blanding and Benning. He's a very cool guy in a tight spot.

There were Sgt. George P. Nestor, of Atlantic City; Cpl. Bernard Sabin, of Philadelphia, and Cpl. Lawrence Thompson, of London, England, who were in charge of a little side project involving TNT; Pfc. Harold Wilburn, of Vox, Ky., and Pfc. Elmer J. Graw, of Copake, N. Y., who drove one of the jeeps; Pfc. Earl Barber, of Oneonta, N. Y., Pvt. Lloyd Kissick, of Dover, Ill., Pvt. Joseph Prendick, of New York City, and Pvt. Francis Scooner, of Bryn Mawr, Pa.

We crowded into the two jeeps giving our drivers as much room as possible. Lt. Root rode

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALLIED HQ. PATROL ACTIVITY

in the first jeep. In the second, in addition to our two-man get-away party, were the demolition experts, who were to sneak around the enemy position and blow up a few telephone poles and other installations. Their objective was five miles away. They were to leave the jeep, plant their stuff and return. If they didn't get back in time, they were to hide out until the next night.

Our little expedition crept past the French guard stations until finally we reached our last outpost. There was only a lookout station left ahead of us some two miles down the road.

You've no idea how much noise a jeep can make running along at five or six miles an hour in the utter silence of the African night.

As we approached the point where our lookout should have been, the lieutenant stopped the cars and went forward with Sgt. Nestor to scout. They came to a road block without any guard, and couldn't tell whether it was our own or one of the enemy's we hadn't heard about.

Thinking black thoughts about ambushes we went on about a quarter of a mile when a shot rang out, and a bullet sang over our heads.

We were all in the ditch beside the road in nothing flat, with our guns ready. If this was our own lookout post it certainly wasn't where the map said it should have been. While we waited, a second shot kicked up the dust. The lieutenant yelled out, "Who the hell are you?" as the third shot came over.

To our great relief and profane disgust the lieutenant was answered in unmistakable Yank dialect. Our lookout had challenged us before, and we hadn't heard him. The language we used in telling him how to get the lead out of his mouth would have done credit to the toughest top kick in this man's army.

Demolition Project Abandoned

In the meantime, our lieutenant sent the get-away jeep a half mile down the road to await the outcome of our little expedition. Surrounded by darkness, the jeep ran off the road into the ditch; then it ran over Cpl. Sabin's foot. At the same time we discovered that we had lost our explosives, so Sabin's little demolition project had to be abandoned.

We went forward again with the stars giving off just enough light to enable the drivers to stay on the road. We kept our guns ready and the lieutenant manned the mounted machine gun, swinging it on every suspicious shadow cast by the bushes.

As we crept along we stopped every half mile or so, and Lt. Root went ahead to scout. We had seven miles of this, with nothing but the curious high-pitched singing of the telephone wires and the metallic chorus of insects breaking the stillness of the night.

We finally reached a spot where the road dipped between rising slopes of ground. This was where the enemy position was supposed to be. The jeeps stopped and turned around, the get-away car about 200 yards behind ours. Driver Graw stayed with it.

Desired Information Obtained

The rest of us started out on foot, up the rising ground to the right. There wasn't a bush in sight, only stones about the size of your two fists. We crossed what appeared in the darkness to be a new road. By feeling the ground we detected tracks that seemed to have been made by large vehicles, possibly tanks.

We went on up to the top of the ridge, spreading out 20 yards apart.

Suddenly, we heard voices speaking Italian. A shot rang out, followed by the staccato chatter of two machine guns. With dust and stone chips flying about us we lay flat on our faces, guns ready but not firing. Our position was well enough known as it was. We lay still until the message came down the line from Lt. Root informing us that the Italians were closing in on our right, and ordering us to work our way back toward the road.

About this time, another pair of machine guns opened up from a position on the opposite side of the road. We were caught in a cross-fire.

Sliding on our bellies as quietly as possible, now and then getting up into a crouch for a short run, we worked our way back, and flopped into a ditch by the side of the road.

The get-away jeep had long since roared off.

Machine-gun fire followed us down the hill but miraculously no one was hit. Then the enemy opened fire at our ditch with mortars. This was what we wanted to know. All we had to do now was escape from this little private war with our information.

The lieutenant sent back word to watch him. When we got to our feet, we were all to make a dash for the jeep.

This we did.

The motor roared and so did the enemy's machine guns, mortars and hand grenades, but we were on our way. Driver Graw suddenly had acquired the best case of night vision in North Africa. Unerringly, he stuck to the road, roaring along at 50 miles an hour, until the firing died away in the distance.

Nobody was hurt. Headquarters would get its information.

When one of the boys said, "I bet that'll scare the Wop army clear back to Italy," everybody roared.

The next day the communique said, "There was only routine patrol activity on the Tunisian front."

Routine hell! —YANK'S North African Bureau

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Getting down to BRASS TAXES

HERE'S THE STRAIGHT DOPE ON HOW UNCLE SAM'S NEW TAXES WILL AFFECT YOU

By Cpl. RICHARD H. PAUL
YANK's Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON—If you think that just because you're in the Army you don't have to pay income and Victory taxes this year, you'd better take a good look at this story. War or no war, some of you are stuck.

Even if you're overseas you have a headache, as you'll find out later, so read on. There are more knots in the tax bill this year than a guardhouse lawyer can unravel. And if you're in this country, you've got to ante up or give the tax man a good reason why you can't do it. That's what the Treasury says, and we got this story from the Treasury.

The biggest complication is in the new Victory tax, which will be paid by all of you who have stripes on your sleeves except married pfcs. If you are overseas, you'll be required to get the whole Victory tax on the line on March 15, 1944, but you can forget about income taxes until you come home. If you're a private, you can be thankful for once, as the lawmakers were liberal in your case.

This tax business is so complicated that we'll break it down into sections, and take the Victory tax first. This tax clips civilians hard and is deducted from their pay. It is not deducted from soldiers' pay but is due all in one chunk *next* year; *whether you are at home or abroad makes no difference.* After the war you get part of it back. You don't pay the Victory tax at all unless in 1943 your pay totalled $874 if you're single, or $924 if you're married. On all over that amount you pay 5 per cent as tax, and after the war the government returns to you 25 per cent of what you paid if you're single, and 40 per cent if you're married.

If You Are Buying War Bonds

However, here's another wrinkle. If you're paying for insurance, or buying War Bonds regularly, or making installment payments or reducing old debts like mortgages, you can apply what the government would repay you after the war on your present tax, and pay only 3¾ per cent instead of 5 per cent as a Victory tax.

If that makes your head swim, consider a "simple" example. Suppose your Army pay is big enough for you to owe $50 in Victory tax, but you've bought War Bonds regularly. In that case your Victory tax would be $50 *minus* $12.50 if you're single, or *minus* $20 if you're married. The big point to remember is that this Victory tax is due March 15, 1944, no matter whether you are stationed in the U. S. *or overseas.*

Now for income taxes. If you're single and made $750 during 1942 or if you're married and made $1,500, you're hooked. If you were not in the Army all year, you're hooked worse, as the base allowance for civilians is $500 single and $1,200 married, and you owe tax on the extra allowance for the months you were a civilian. For instance, if you went in the Army in September, 1942, and were paid $200 before the year ended, that's all you can deduct from gross income when paying the tax on your civilian earnings. As far as the deduction for a wife goes, you can take the whole $300 even if you got spliced on the last day of December, 1942.

***ADDITION AND DISTRACTION.** Under new tax operation, plutocratic top kicks will writhe on the multiplication table while poor privates laugh and laugh.*

Don't forget, when figuring your Army income, that it is *only* your base pay that the government taxes. No tax is collected on any cash you received from the Army for pensions, annuities, injury allowance or sickness resulting from active duty, commutation, food or travel allowances received in cash.

Also, you don't pay any tax on your Army *pay* received during 1942 for service in the Panama Canal Zone, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Midway, Guam, Wake, American Samoa and Palmyra. For example, if you've been in Panama all during 1942, laugh and to hell with income taxes. If you were in one of these exempted stations for *part* of the year, don't count as income any dough you got for service in one of those places.

Here's another thing. If you've been anteing up $22 a month and your wife has been getting $50, neither you nor your wife pays a tax on that extra $28. It's just found money that nobody taxes. Don't say Uncle Sam isn't generous.

Soldiers who have to pay a tax can save a lot of trouble by using the Treasury short form, known as Form 1040A. This is for people whose income is under $3,000 (we assume yours was) and provided the income was all from salary, wages, dividends, interest and annuities. (You can't file the short form if you got dough from a trust fund.)

If you use the short form, the Treasury sug-

You can tell how hard a guy has been soaked by the expression on his face.

ANY MORE QUESTIONS?

Are you bothered by a special tax problem not answered on this page?

If so, consult YANK. The Treasury doesn't want soldiers to overpay their taxes. So if you have any questions, write YANK, TAX DEPARTMENT, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. We'll give you the correct answer. We won't pay your tax, though.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Copyright, 1942, in the U. S. A. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gests you watch out for a couple of jokers. First, notice that you take your gravy for being a soldier ($250 if single, $300 if married) but there's no line on which to write the deduction. Make an extra line for the purpose. See footnote 2; it tells you all about it, but don't overlook it or you'll pay more than you have to. The other joker is that if you file the short form, your wife must file one also, if she made any money on her own account during 1942.

Postponement For Men Overseas

Now, who has to pay the tax when it's due on March 15?

If you're overseas, you get an automatic postponement until the 15th day of the third month after the president proclaims we are no longer at war against Germany, Italy and Japan. But at that time, brother, you must pay the back taxes, or request a further postponement until you get your hands on enough money. So you are just postponing the headache. By "overseas" is meant anyone in our Armed Forces stationed abroad. Being on a boat is considered overseas, too. If you are still abroad on the 15th day of the third month after the war ends (as most of you will be), you still have to pay up, but Congress probably will fix it so you get another automatic postponement.

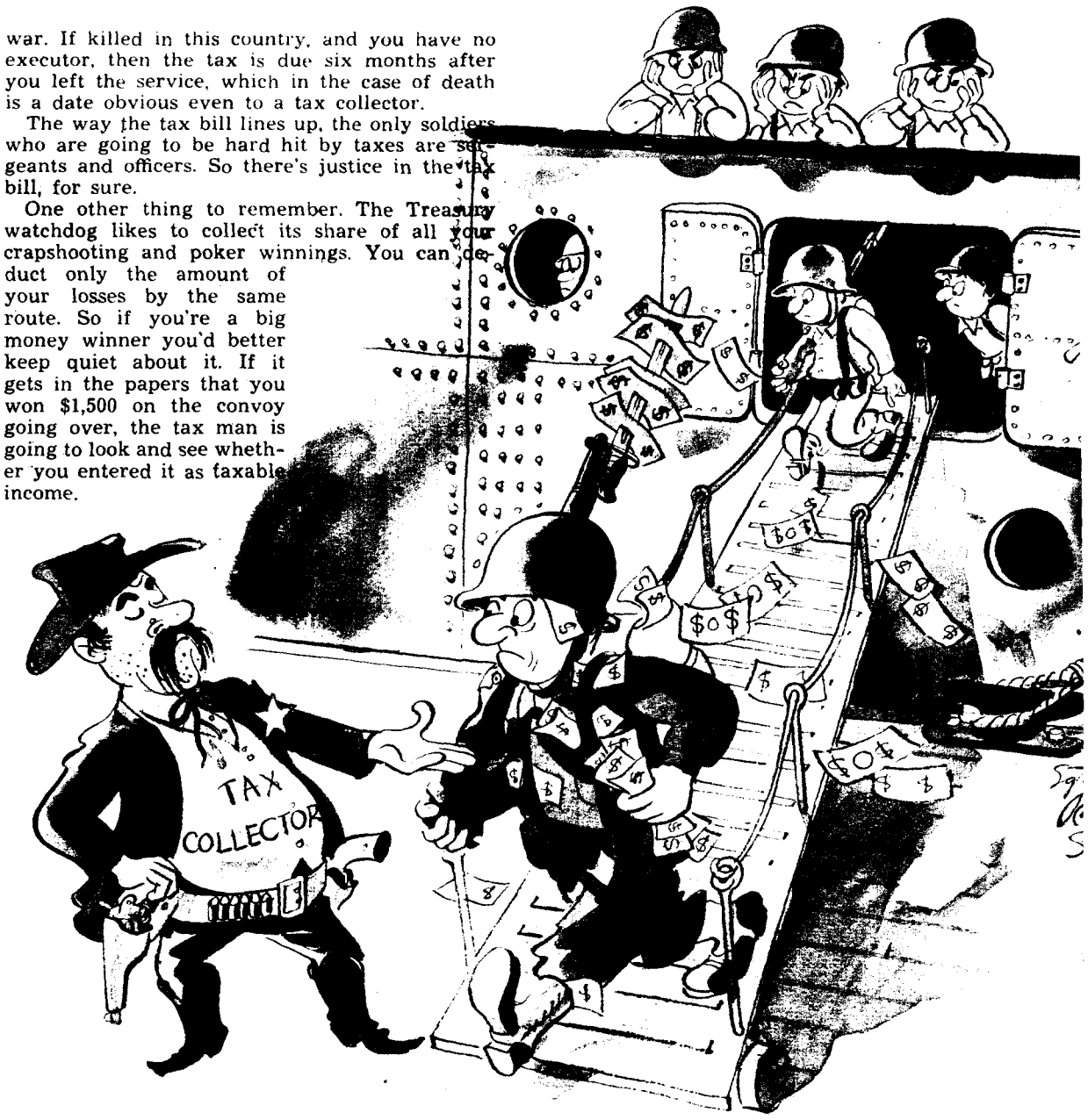
If you're in this country now, you pay. You get the income tax form from any collector of internal revenue. Somebody in your camp will probably be designated by the commanding officer to get a batch of these forms. If you were a Hollywood glamor boy and owe $100,000 taxes, and obviously on your G.I. pay can't raise the money, you can ask the collector of internal revenue to postpone your tax until after the war. But you have to prove to the tax collector that you can't raise the money. That's what Joe Louis is trying to do right now.

The chances are that unless you made a big pile in 1942, you'll have to pay the tax unless you're overseas. If your income has all been from Army pay, the chances are you'll be told to get it on the line at the proper time. The longest postponement you can get in any case is six months after you're out of the Army.

Suppose you get a postponement, and then get killed in the war. Your heirs are stuck with the amount you owe. That amount is due three months after an executor of your will is appointed. If you're overseas, the tax isn't due until after the war. If killed in this country, and you have no executor, then the tax is due six months after you left the service, which in the case of death is a date obvious even to a tax collector.

The way the tax bill lines up, the only soldiers who are going to be hard hit by taxes are sergeants and officers. So there's justice in the tax bill, for sure.

One other thing to remember. The Treasury watchdog likes to collect its share of all your crapshooting and poker winnings. You can deduct only the amount of your losses by the same route. So if you're a big money winner you'd better keep quiet about it. If it gets in the papers that you won $1,500 on the convoy going over, the tax man is going to look and see whether you entered it as taxable income.



If you have collected any convoy change, keep mum. Treasury watchdogs never miss a boat.

TAX SCALE FOR SOLDIERS

RANK	PAY				1942 INCOME TAX*				1943 VICTORY TAX**			
	HOME		ABROAD		HOME		ABROAD		HOME		ABROAD	
	MONTH	YEAR	MONTH	YEAR	SINGLE	MARRIED	SINGLE	MARRIED	SINGLE	MARRIED	SINGLE	MARRIED
PVT.	$50	$600	$60	$720	$0	$0	$0	$0	$0	$0	$0	$0
PFC.	54	648	64.80	777.60	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0
CORP.	66	792	79.20	950.40	1	0	28	0	0	0	3.82	1.32
SGT.	78	936	93.60	1123.20	23	0	54	0	3.10	.60	12.46	9.96
S SGT.	96	1152	115.20	1382.40	63	0	102	0	13.90	11.40	25.42	22.42
T SGT.	114	1368	136.80	1641.60	97	0	145	7	24.70	22.20	38.38	35.88
M SGT.	138	1656	165.60	1987.20	149	17	206	64	39.10	36.60	55.66	53.16
2D LT.	150	1800	180	2160	218	85	279	146	58.80	58.80	76.80	76.80

NOTE: This chart, prepared by YANK, presents the purely hypothetical case of a soldier who stays with one rank all year and receives no money except his Army pay. It's not intended to show you how much you owe—you've got to do your own figuring, soldier.

** Figured from Form 1040A—the short form.*
*** Figured without deductions on post-war credit.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Puerto Rico, war-dog sentry is released by Pvt. Louis Robbins. On Aruba, in the Caribbean, this gun crew has camouflaged its position.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

Life Is Pleasant in Puerto Rico, But Grab Your Drinks While You Can

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO [By Radio]—The Nov. 29 Sunday papers from the States don't arrive here until Jan. 9 and an American girl is just something you see in the movies. But G.I. life in the big Spanish barracks of the Puerto Rican Department headquarters is still a hell of a lot more comfortable than the average camp in the U.S.

For one thing, these headquarters soldiers never pull KP. They never shine shoes or rub sapolio on squad room windows.

That isn't all. When they're thirsty a tall cuba libre made with the best Puerto Rican rum costs only 10 cents in the noncommissioned officers' club. The best rye and bourbon sets them back only a thin dime, and a scotch and soda costs 25 cents. Camels and Chesterfields sell two for 13 cents, and you can get wonderful cigars for a nickel that would cost a quarter back home.

Now don't get the idea that the dishes here are never washed or the beds never made. It's just that Maj. Gen. James L. Collins, Puerto Rican Department commander, and Maj. Allen Emerson, commander of the headquarters detachment, feel that the men cannot be spared from their regular duties for KP and policing the barracks. So they designed a plan to hire civilian KPs and housekeepers.

Each man in the outfit chips in a dollar a month to have his dishes washed, his food served, his bed made and the barracks cleaned. They employ 10 KPs and 11 room orderlies who get $25 a month plus room and board, which is good pay in this country.

Supervising this housekeeping staff makes 1st Sgt. Thomas J. Lampart, of Jersey City, feel like Oscar of the Waldorf.

Native KPs do a swell job in the kitchen, thanks to S/Sgt. Louis Cabrera, veteran Puerto Rican regular who acts as Lampart's orderly, interpreter and all-around public relations counsel. KPs sometimes find it convenient to forget their English when given a difficult assignment by Lampart or Oliver Robinson, the mess sergeant. At such times, when they blandly mumble "No savvy," Cabrera is called in from the orderly room and sets the situation straight immediately with a fluent string of Puerto Rican Spanish.

Sgt. Lampart's big stucco barracks built by the Spanish Army in the old days seems like a hotel for other reasons, too. For instance, the variety of guests. Everything comes in and out of the front door except the native goats, and even they approach the threshold now and then.

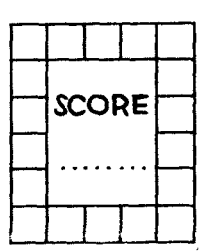
In addition to his own company, Lampart takes care of the rations and quarters for the headquarters signal detachment, finance detachment and postal unit. Also tucked away in various nooks and corners of his hacienda, are the quartermasters, weather bureau, chemical warfare men, MPs and the station complement.

"When I left Jersey City last April to join the Army I never thought they would make a Caribbean innkeeper out of me," Lampart says. "I even have lots of guys stop here just for the night's lodging—noncoms on their way to new stations at Saint Thomas, Antigua and our other bases."

But don't get the idea that Army life all over the Caribbean is peaches, cream and daiquiri cocktails. Lampart's hotel is the rare exception to the general rule. Most of the men stationed here are at mosquito-infested gun positions and airfields miles from the nearest Coca-Cola. It's lonelier out there than in New Guinea or Tunisia where at least you get a Jap or a Nazi once in a while to make things interesting.

—Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent

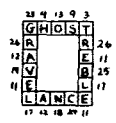
TEE-TOTAL



LETTER VALUES

B	25	N	18
A	12	O	13
C	24	P	7
D	6	Q	15
E	11	R	26
F	5	S	9
G	23	T	3
H	4	U	20
I	10	V	19
J	16	W	8
K	2	X	21
L	17	Y	14
M	1	Z	22

Here is how the Game of Tee-Total is played: Each letter of the alphabet has been given a numerical value. You are to fill the diagram with words. But try to use the highest value letters as often as possible because the object of the game is to see who can make the highest score. Your score is determined by adding together the separate values of all the 18 letters in your solution.



For example, in the sample solution at the left (which you should be able to beat easily) we have attained a score of 281. SEND IN YOURS. Address Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

All solutions to puzzles printed in domestic edition must be received within a month of day of publication of YANK. Puzzle Kits will be sent by YANK to the G.I.s who make the highest score in each week's contest. Highest score will be published with names of senders.

What the AVGs Started in China, The U. S. Army Air Force Is Finishing

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—The American Volunteer Group in China (the Flying Tigers) was a great outfit. There is probably no one who disagrees with this, especially in China.

They took on the enemy any time, any place, no matter what the odds. Invariably, they sent him home licking his wounds.

The AVGs are gone now, and in their place is the U. S. Army Air Force. Even though Brig. Gen. Claire Chennault stayed on as the commanding officer of the China Air Task Force, and even though some of the better men of the Volunteers accepted commissions and positions of importance in the formation of the new group, there were those who wondered. They were not too sure how the young, untried Army flyers would fare against the war-wise Japs who had learned some hard taught lessons in American tactics and how to combat them.

News reports have told some of the stories of the successes of the new men. Here is an account of one of their better days over Canton.

More than 20 pursuits took off to escort a bomber formation on a raid of shipping installations in and around Canton. Those same bombers had hit Canton three times before that same week, and escaped unscathed. With past Jap performances in mind, it was almost a certainty that the Nips would not let another onslaught go unchallenged.

"You can expect anything this time," were the final words of Col. Marion C. Cooper, Gen. Chennault's chief of staff. "Handle things any way you see fit, but your first duty is to protect the bombers—and don't forget it."

The bombers went off with their escort, bombed their target successfully, returned with no losses and few scratches due to the excellent fighter protection. All this was done in spite of the fact that they were met by 30 or more of the best the Japs could muster in the Canton area.

After the bombers had hauled freight for home, Col. Robert Scott and his pursuits went down to make Christians out of the attacking Japs. The following is the numerical count that went up

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the group scoreboard when the ships had returned to their base:

Maj. Bruce K. Holloway, one Zero, one I-97, one I-45; Capt. John Hampshire, three Zeros; Col. Robert Scott, two Zeros, one JU-52 transport, probable; Lt. Charles Dubois, one Zero, one I-97; Capt. Edmund Goss, one Zero, one I-97; Capt. Burrall Barnum, one I-97, one I-97, probable; Lt. Lubner, one Zero, one I-97, probable; Lt. Dallas Clinger, Lt. Jack Best, Lt. John Lombard, Lt. Harold K. Stuart, Lt. Hollis M. Blackstone, Lt. Robert A. O'Neil, and Lt. Donald M. Carpenter, one Zero each; Lt. Col. Clinton Vincent, one I-97; and Lt. George R. Barnes, one Zero, probable.

Just to make the history complete, T/Sgt. Adam R. Williams and Sgt. Broughton, of the bombers, each had one I-97 and Sgt. MacLaughlin had one I-97, probable. S/Sgt. Douglas Radney had one Zero, probable. That makes a score of 24 confirmed and six probables with the pursuits getting the lion's share.

Yes—the AVGs are gone but the U. S. Army Air Force keeps the "No Trespassing" sign held high over China.

—Sgt. JOHN P. BARNES
YANK Staff Correspondent

Any Similarity Between India Trains And the Santa Fe is Purely Imaginary

NEW DELHI, INDIA—It's a rare G.I. who hasn't griped about American troop trains being like lousy cattle cars. But brother, you should get a load of what we've got down here.

The first thing you learn about Indian trains is that they're contrary to all military tradition. You don't "hurry up and wait" when you catch a train here. You just wait.

If your train is scheduled to leave at 6:30 A.M., you get up at 7 A.M. eat chow, pack your barracks bag, march down to the station and then take a little snooze for yourself. If you're lucky, the train may pull in by 8:30. There are a few cases on record where the trains were only two hours late. But they were express trains.

American enlisted men in India travel second class. The first-class compartments which seat six and sleep four are reserved for officers and white civilians. Second-class compartments seat nine and sleep six, the occupants usually being U. S. or British enlisted men and Indians. Third-class coaches, used only by natives, seat from 30 to 50 on hard wooden benches.

Indian trains operate on the honor system. They don't have conductors. You simply show your ticket to the gatekeeper when you enter the station and turn it in to another gatekeeper at your destination. All of which means second-class ticket holders often ride first class. Your accommodations are usually in inverse ratio to your conscience.

When the train is under way, you get a rough idea of what a desert sandstorm is like. Dust and soot swirl through under the window sills and door jambs, depositing a half-inch layer of dirt on the compartment and everybody in it. At every stop, you get out on the platform to start breathing again while an attendant sweeps out the compartment for the next lap.

First-class passengers have a few extra comforts. They have shower baths in the washrooms so that they can whiten up occasionally during the trip. There also are air-conditioned cars—produced by wafts of cold air given off by cakes of ice in a tin box on the compartment floor.

If you're on an overnight trip, you don't actually need your shelter half but don't forget your two G.I. blankets. You bring your own bedding on Indian trains. The railroad furnishes only the berth—a long leather-covered seat occupied by three passengers during the day.

There's one important thing to remember when you waken in the morning. Don't open your eyes before brushing off your eyelids with a handkerchief. Otherwise, you'll have two peepers full of the grime that collected during the night.

Indian coaches have no connecting doors, so you can't stroll through the aisles looking for lonesome blondes, like you do on the Silver Meteor back home. You stay put in your own compartment for the duration, except for 10-minute breaks when you make way for the sweeper. You also take time out for meals.

At meal time, you get out on the platform and walk up to the dining car where you eat. When you're finished, you sit there until the train stops at the next station. Then you can return to your compartment. On trains which have no dining cars—most of them don't—the engineer just stops over at any convenient town for an hour or so while you eat at a nearby restaurant.

Time is not important to the engineers here, according to Sgt. John Screen, of New Orleans. Screen was on a train crossing the desert just at sundown one day. Suddenly, the train stopped. The engineer climbed out of his cabin, knelt in the sand and bowed towards Mecca for his regular evening prayers. Fifteen minutes later the train resumed its journey.

But Pvt. Earl Davis, of Portland, Me., is the authority on Indian rail transportation. Davis handles the mail and spends four days of each week on a train. At nights, during his three off-days, Davis never sleeps in a G.I. bunk or anything resembling a bed. Instead, he curls up on the back seat of a jeep. He claims it's the only way to keep in shape for his job.

—Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

Enemy approaching! And, somewhere in China, American pilots race for their P-40s.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Pte. Tillie Jackson is a CWAC in the dental corps. The initials stand for Canadian Women's Auxiliary Corps. Her rank, Pte., is the Canadian abbreviation of private. She sends a message to her husband, L/Cpl. Jay Jackson in England, whose rating is the equivalent of first class private: "I hope you will like my picture. I wish you the best of meals. Try and write more often."

Pfc. Edmund Braezinski is a member of the permanent party at Fort Dix, N. J., and says that, at 19, he worked at a little bit of everything in civilian life. He wants to get a message through to Pvt. Walter Fiddler whose last address was in Northern Island: "Carl made sergeant. I expect to leave the permanent party here soon to go to Aerial Gunnery School."

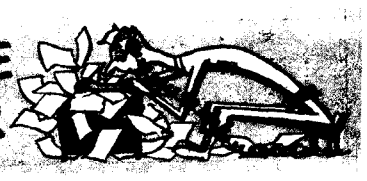
Cpl. Michael Ritto hopes this message will be delivered one day to Pvt. Tony Lepore, a marine who is a prisoner in Tokyo: "Keep your chin up, and we'll try and do your share of the fighting." Ritto was a bus driver in Chicago before he came into the Army. He was with an anti-aircraft unit in Flushing, N. Y., when this picture was taken.

CPO Kenneth Perry was born in Macomb, Ill., but it's a secret where he's stationed now. He joined the Navy fresh out of high school and has been going to sea for 11 years. He sends a message to a shark somewhere in the North Atlantic, CPO Oliver Wallin: "How are the pasteboards running and are you getting plenty of suckers at the pool table?"

Pfc. Walter Yamato helped beat off the Japs at Pearl Harbor. Now he's stationed at Camp McCoy, Wis., where he drives a jeep and works as a store clerk. He's a native of Hawaii and he sends a nostalgic message to S/Sgt. Herbert Ah Yo, Hawaiian Service Command: "I would like to be stationed with you in the Islands. I'm freezing in Wisconsin."

Sgt. Paul Spiller has been in the Coast Artillery for 10 months at Fort Bliss, Tex. Before the war he was big guns as manager of the Des Moines (Iowa) Little Theater. He sends a message to his brother, Pvt. Marion, on Midway Island: "I have finished my course at Camp Davis." He asks his brother to send him a souvenir—"a G string that I hear the Japs wear."

MESSAGE CENTER



Pvt. George Meltzer, 210 Gen. Hospital, APO 837, PM, New Orleans, La., wants to get in touch with **Sgt. George Monfileto,** once stationed at Fort Hancock, N. J. Meltzer has lost his address. Can anyone help? . . . **Pfc. Michael Franlak,** 191st Ordnance Co. (Depot), Camp Rucker, Ala., wants some news from his brother in the Navy who hasn't written for three months. . . . **"Hell Cat" Joe Tenner,** Co. G, 1229 RC, Fort Dix, N. J., sends greeting to **Mike Zelek** in the Pacific and **Buddy Smith** in England, hoping he can stir up some mail. . . . **Cpl. Jack Eipper,** Co. M, 162nd Inf., APO 41, PM, San Francisco, wants some mail from his pal, **Glenn,** a corporal in the Air Forces somewhere in Egypt. . . . **Pfc. R. S. Shelley,** 3rd Mapping Sq., MacDill Field, Tampa, Fla., wants the address of **Floyd Jones** who used to live near Binghamton, N. Y., now believed stationed in North Africa. . . . **Sgt. Abe Rabinowitz,** 53rd Tr. Cr. Wing, Del Valle Army Air Base, Austin Tex., would like to get in touch with **John A. O'Shea,** a friend with whom he toured the country two years ago and now believed to be in the Army. . . . **M/Sgt. Ezra Stone,** touring the country with "This is the Army," wants to tell **Cpl. Dominic Nico,** somewhere in Australia, that he has forwarded the souvenir programs from the show and the autographed pictures of the old Upton gang. . . . **Pvt. William J. Chiusan,** Port Hq., APO 813, PM, N. Y., wants to hear from friends he trained with who are now all over the world. He will write at once if they will send their addresses.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gable Becomes Aerial Gunner; He Wins His Wings the Hard Way

TYNDALL FIELD, FLA.—MGM's Clark Gable is strictly G.I.

Graduating from the Army Air Forces Flexible Gunnery School at Tyndall Field, Fla., the former movie star has fulfilled his ambition of becoming an aerial gunner by coming up through the ranks the hard way.

Enlisting as a private last August, he won his commission as a second lieutenant at the Army

Gable in line on graduation day at Tyndall.

Air Forces OCS at Miami Beach, was promoted to first lieutenant after coming to Tyndall Field. Forty-two years old, Gable went through the same rigorous course as the men whose ages ranged from 19 to 25.

As an aerial gunner, he has been trained to be one of the men whose deadly marksmanship, forming a protective screen around the bomber plane, enables it more successfully to carry out its mission against the enemy.

He had to complete an intensive course which began with classroom instruction in the mechanics of machine guns, turrets and the identification of enemy aircraft.

Then he worked out on the firing ranges. He shot rifles, shotguns, photo-electric guns mounted in turrets, .30- and .50-caliber machine guns, and finally, in the air, from a speeding plane, sent machine-gun slugs ripping through cloth tow-targets.

In civilian life an ardent sportsman, Gable proved to be an excellent marksman. His greatest difficulty was when he took his test in "blinker code," the communication method used when radio is not practicable.

One of only two officers to graduate in the class, the rest of which were enlisted men attaining the rank of sergeant, Gable is well on his way to the combat duty he has requested.

The course at Tyndall Field is one of the toughest in the Army. They say Lt. Gable is a very tough guy.

—YANK Field Correspondent

If You Can't Get Jerry One Way, You Can Sometimes Kid Him to Death

A U. S. FIGHTER STATION SOMEWHERE IN EGYPT —It took a traffic cop stunt to do it, but 2nd Lt. R. W. Kimball, fighter pilot from Minneapolis, Minn., finally bagged his Messerschmitt.

On a recent sortie deep into the Western Desert, Lt. Kimball flew into the middle of a hot dogfight. During his maneuvering he found himself zooming up under the nose of an ME that was so close he had to cut throttle to keep from crashing into it. He managed, however, to get a quick burst straight into the ME's radiator and engines.

So close were the two planes that the Jerry's coolant, flying from his riddled radiator, spattered Kimball in the face. He tried another burst, but this time his guns jammed.

The two fighters roared apart. Lt. Kimball got his guns working, located the ME in his sights long enough to get another short burst into its engine—and again his guns jammed.

The last burst definitely winged the German. The ME started to cough and began a slow descent, but it still didn't land. It kept limping like a winged quail, just over the ground.

Kimball's guns were still out of commission but he dropped down alongside the fleeing Jerry.

"I motioned him to the curb with my thumb," Kimball said, "but he didn't pay any attention."

Then, Kimball said, he feinted as if he were going to give him another burst, and at this, the Jerry put his plane on the sand pronto.

"The last I saw of him," Kimball said, "he had turned over and burst into flames."

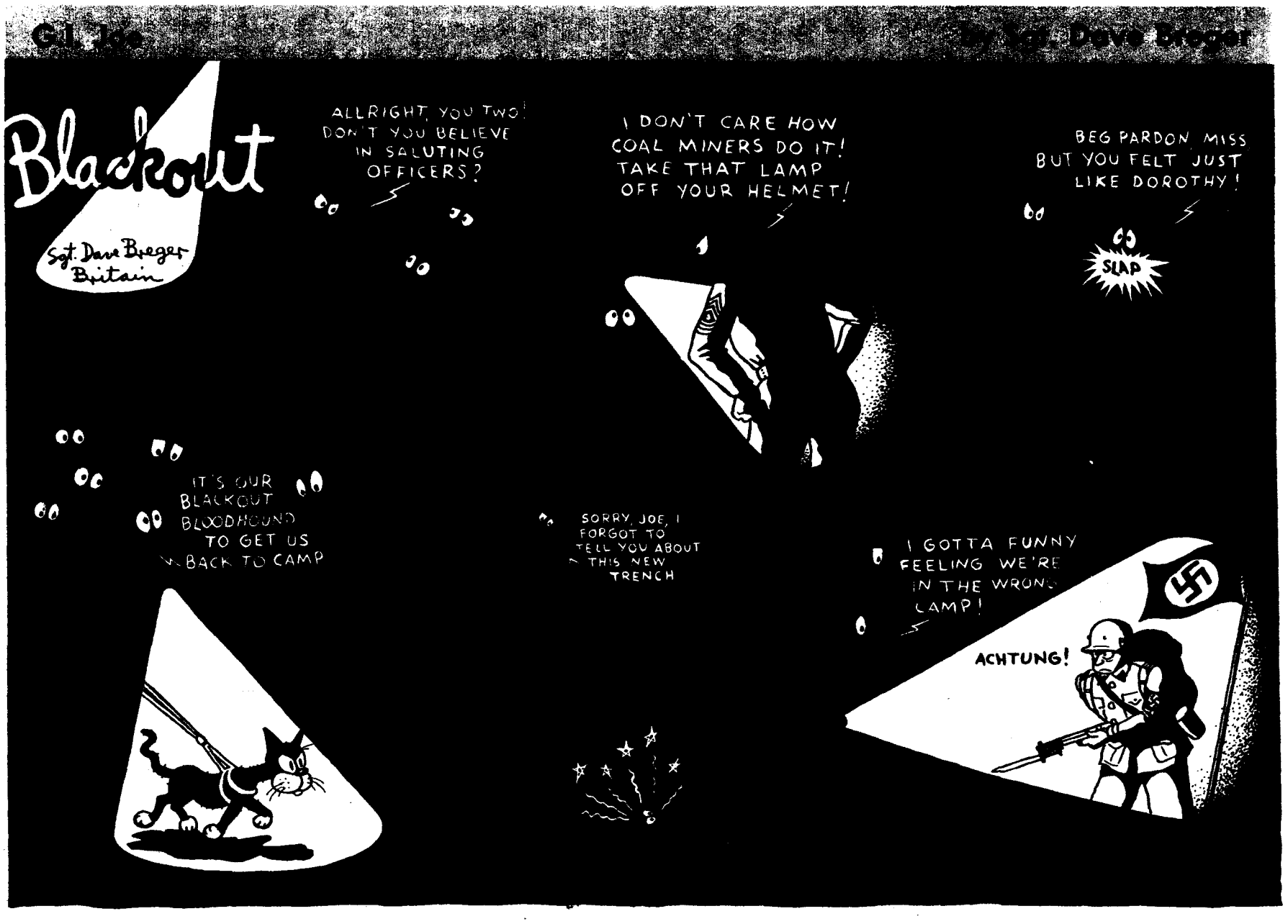
Two other pilots in this outfit told how they had to work a bluff for 25 anxious miles before they could shake off three pursuing Messerschmitts. Capt. Ray Llewellyn of Johnstown, Pa., was out on a job and had poured the last of his ammunition into a Jerry airdrome and the cockpit of a Macchi 202.

On his way home, separated from the rest of his squadron, he tangled with three MEs. Llewellyn bellowed for help through his microphone but learned to his dismay that the other boys also were engaged. He began to feint, dodge and zoom at the Jerries who, thinking that he was trying to line them up in his sights, also dodged. Llewellyn kept this up for a time, all the while heading toward home.

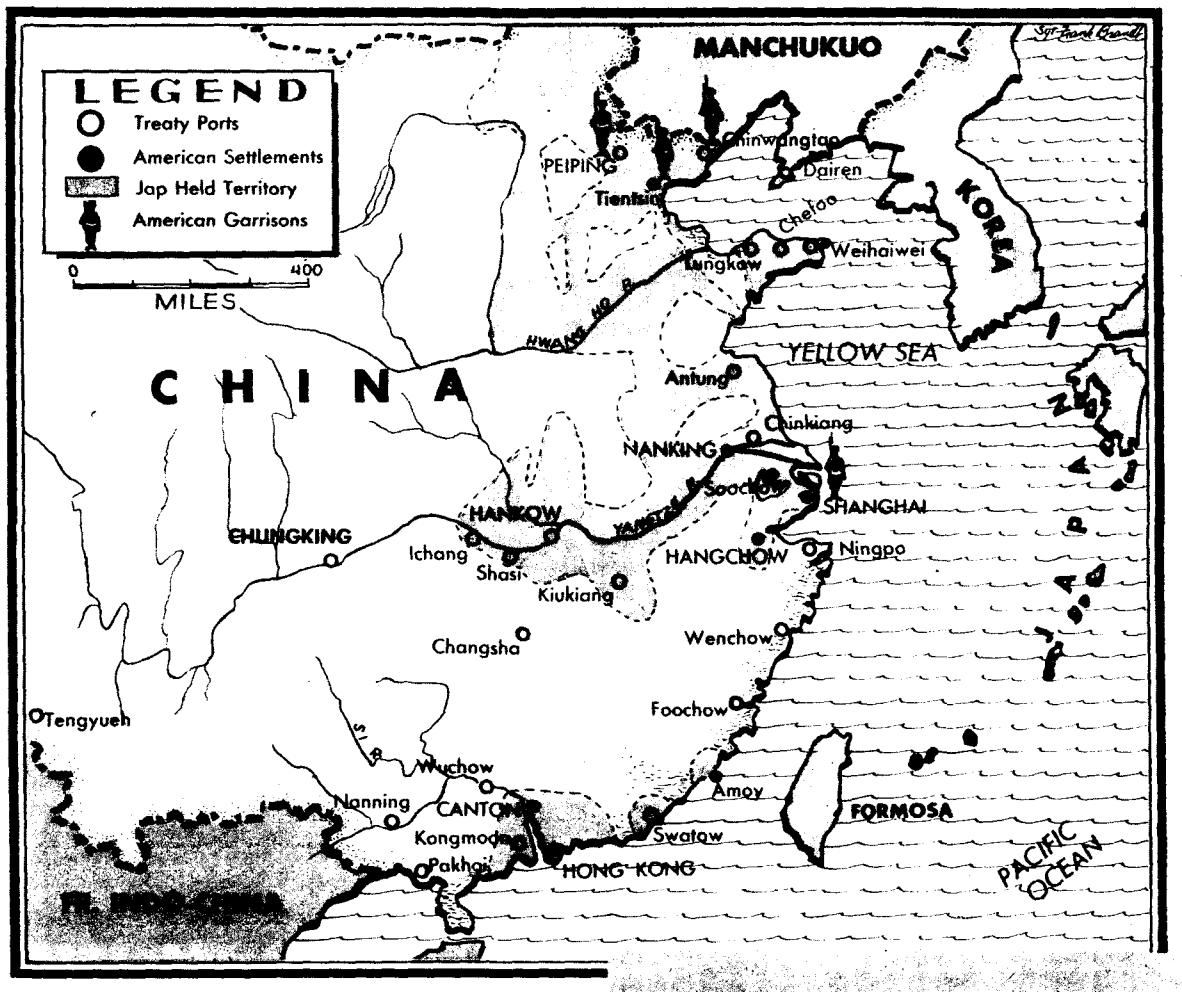
It was with great relief that he saw the fighter of 2nd Lt. Thomas Boullare of Barnwell, S. C., come up to help. But the relief didn't last long, because Boullare only had ammunition left for one of his guns. However, by spreading those few shots out thin, Boullare pulled a bluff of his own, and once more the Germans shied off.

During the long, difficult trip home, Llewellyn and Boullare took turns bluffing the MEs off each other. After 25 miles of this, during which no one received a scratch, the MEs finally gave up the chase and the boys highballed home at full throttle.

—Sgt. BURGESS H. SCOTT
YANK's Cairo Bureau



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Map locates treaty ports and "settlement" towns which the U. S. and other powers controlled in China before Japan invaded and before extraterritoriality was renounced.

Equal Rights to China

British and U. S. Treaties Abolish Old Privileges and Launch a New Era in the Orient

GREAT BRITAIN and the U. S. have signed with China an agreement to abolish extraterritoriality in China, thus giving the new year one of the biggest stories of the century.

Extraterritoriality is a big word. But don't let it scare you. It simply means that all embassies are exempt from the laws of the country in which they are located, and function under the laws of their own land instead.

However, in China it meant a lot more than this. It meant forcing China to give up "treaty ports," where foreign nations could trade under their own conditions; it meant that foreign vessels, including warships, could travel on the inland waterways at will; that foreign nations could garrison their troops on China soil; that foreigners in any of the "treaty ports," or "settlement" or "concession" towns were safe from Chinese civil or criminal law; that foreign nations could run their own railroads in China; that foreigners could travel where they pleased in China without being subject to Chinese law.

In the beginning, some of this was understandable and justifiable. China, 4,000 years old, considered herself superior to the rest of the world. She had no knowledge of what went on outside her own borders. As foreigners migrated to her shores in search of trade, China's arrogant imperial court rubbed them the wrong way.

Marco Polo spoke of this as early as the 12th century. He, however, was only amused by the Chinese ceremonials, and wrote glowingly of their life and culture. He got along OK.

Traders following him, however, thought they were just as good as the Chinese, objected strenuously to the kotow, a ceremony where visiting firemen had to get down on their knees before the emperor or high ranking official and crack their heads three times on the ground.

In addition to this, there was no central law in China worth the name. Civil strife between factions trying to govern China made life tough on foreigners, and Chinese as well. Little rulers in the various provinces did as they pleased without paying much attention to the emperor except to pay him ceremonial respect and cash tribute.

The first armed clash with the Western powers came in 1514 when Portugal got sore at the Chinese, took a couple of ports and settled in Macao, where she stayed until the Japs came.

Great Britain got sore in 1839. The reason was simple. Chinese had used opium for centuries. The British controlled sale of the drug. The Chinese, afraid of an unfavorable balance of trade as much of their money went to London in payment for opium, banned Chinese consumption of opium. The British, with the aid of Chinese officials, sold it anyhow. The government seized and destroyed 20,000 chests of opium. This led to a clash between British and Chinese warships at Hong Kong in November, 1839.

The resulting treaty of Nanking, 1842, started the type of extraterritoriality we know today. Five ports were opened to trade and residence of British subjects; the island of Hong Kong was ceded to Britain.

Other Western powers, watching this show with interest, jumped in. The U. S. sent Caleb Cushing to China in 1844. He obtained a treaty opening the same ports to Americans. Other nations followed suit.

The "peace" that was supposed to settle down, did not. Neither side was satisfied. The Chinese felt that too much had been granted; the Western powers wanted more.

War broke out over a minor incident. In October, 1856, the Chinese vessel *Arrow*, owned by Chinese, with a Chinese crew, but registered at Hong Kong, having a British captain and flying the British flag, was boarded by Chinese officers at Canton. The crew were arrested on the grounds that they were pirates.

Britain protested. China refused to give satisfaction. She gave, instead, what was in effect a declaration of war. Britain, supported by France, brought sufficient forces into Chinese waters, captured Canton, subdued the forts at Taku commanding the approach to Tientsin, and took Peking.

China was thoroughly defeated, and the Treaties of Tientsin, 1858, and Peking, 1860, were forced on China.

These, as might be expected, extended the provisions of earlier treaties. Ten new ports were opened. Merchantmen were given the right to use the Yangtze River, and Britain got a hunk of the mainland opposite Hong Kong. A new tariff was drawn up whereby opium trade was legalized.

A few decades of what they called peace followed. But in 1894 came new trouble.

Japan and China clashed over Korea. China had claimed jurisdiction over Korea for many years. This had been challenged many times by Japan, but never seriously. Now, however, rebellion boiling up in Korea prompted the Korean monarch to ask China's assistance in quelling the uprising. Japan, not to be outdone, also sent troops. Meanwhile, Korean troops dispersed the rebels, but the Chinese and Japanese troops moved in anyway.

With China claiming jurisdiction over Korea and Japan saying no, the result was that the troops plowed into each other. The struggle was brief, with defeat for China.

In the treaty which followed (Shimoneski, 1895), China had to acknowledge the independence of Korea, cede Formosa to Japan, the Pescadore Islands and the Liaotung Peninsula, pay indemnity, open four more ports.

This defeat at the hands of Japan was the signal for the Western powers to grab again.

What followed was fast and furious. Japan was forced to give up to the Western powers a big hunk of what it had taken from China. To pay the indemnity to Japan, China had to borrow money. Russia forced China to borrow part of the money from her, demanding more concessions as collateral. Great Britain and Germany forced China to borrow the rest from the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation —a British institution—getting as collateral the customs revenue and other tax privileges in the Yangtze Valley.

More concessions were obtained by the British. The frontier between China and British possessions on the south was extended, the West River was opened to commerce, and a 99-year lease was obtained to the rest of the peninsula of Kowloon, opposite Hong Kong. The British also set up their own railroads.

In 1899, the Boxer Rebellion broke out. This was, briefly, an uprising on the part of old-guard Chinese against the theories gradually developing among those modern Chinese who had been influenced by missionaries and Western culture. It centered around an attempt to get the foreigners out of China. It failed.

In 1911, another rebellion took place in China. Instigated largely by the liberal-minded and Christian Chinese, it overthrew the old-guard emperor and a republic was set up under principles enunciated by Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

In spite of the fact that Japan now occupies many of these treaty ports, the abolition of extraterritoriality by Britain and the U. S. is recognition that the Chinese republic is capable of running itself.

More important it is the symbol of mutual confidence and faith among the United Nations in this great global war, and as proof that the old-style high-handed diplomacy of selfishness at the expense of a weaker neighbor has been discarded completely.

Few developments in the last century have contributed so much to the spread of democracy throughout the world.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

AERIAL ENGINEERS

The boys who repair airports under fire really know their stuff.

CONTEST WINNERS

Found at last, the G.I. with the biggest feet, the youngest sergeant.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS FROM HOME

Skimming the Week on the Home Front

Millions of Americans recalled the turbulent twenties as Hollywood banged back to the front pages wtih two top stories. Big headlines and lavish picture displays depicted Errol Flynn's trial for alleged rape in Hollywood, and film star Frances Farmer's battle with police before she was sentenced to serve 180 days after a 24-hour spree.

Into these delicacies of peace-time sensationalism intruded the square-jawed visage of John L. Lewis as 18,000 of his United Mine Workers struck in Pennsylvania in protest against a Lewis-sponsored 50-cents-a-month increase in union dues.

Another intrusion was the Irish countenance of Edward J. Flynn, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, whose appointment as U. S. minister to Australia and President Roosevelt's personal representative in the South Pacific angered Republicans in Congress. They launched a full-fledged campaign against Senate confirmation of Flynn, led by Senator Styles Bridges, of New Hampshire.

In Hollywood, Errol Flynn was on trial under a California statute which defines "statutory rape," with which Flynn is charged, as "having carnal knowledge of any woman under 18 with or without her consent."

The court heard 17-year-old Betty Hansen tell of her intimacy with the swash-buckling actor at a party, and then the throngs of women who jammed the courtroom, apparently cheering Flynn, were amazed by the prosecution's sudden charge that two of the nine women on the jury were prejudiced—one for Flynn and one against him.

In another court, Frances Farmer was ordered removed to a psychopathic ward after her father demanded a sanity test for her. When arrested, Frances was awakened in a swank Hollywood hotel by a detective. She eluded him in a wild dash for the bathroom, but returned shortly—in the nude. Booked at the police station, she defiantly listed her profession as the "world's oldest."

In New York police sought the killer of Carlo Tresca, anti-Fascist editor murdered on Fifth Avenue, who had planned to return to Italy after the war and aid in the establishment of a pro-liberal regime.

James C. Petrillo, head of the Musicians Union, fared well before a Congressional Committee investigating juke-box recordings, emerging from each day's session with his dignity unimpaired and his ban on musicians making records unbroken. He finally said he'd allow them to turn out juke-box fodder only if the President told him to.

In the East, the fuel oil shortage slumped into the class of permanent duration headaches, and Secretary Ickes told New England governors that they're only wasting time of government officials by complaining.

Anticipation

Jersey City, N. J.—George Natusch went to a YMCA party and signed his name to what he thought was a raffle slip. Several days later he learned that it had been a nomination blank in a contest to select a typical father—and that he had won.

Natusch plans to marry soon.

With beef not as easy to get as it used to be, Mrs. John Conner, New Orleans, baked a muskrat for the family dinner.

NEWS BY STATES

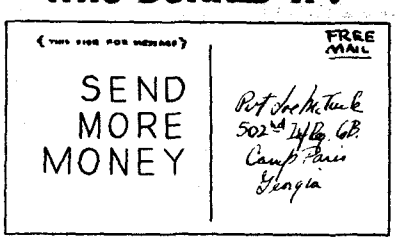
ALABAMA

The War Manpower Commission "froze" 80,000 ship-building workers in their jobs at Mobile. Common stock in the Birmingham Electric Co. held by the National Power and Light Co. will be distributed to present individual holders of BECO stock, in compliance with an SEC order. Phillip C. Jackson is foreman of the new Jefferson County grand jury. Mrs. Cora Cunningham, director of welfare work at the Ruhama Baptist Church in Birmingham for 18 years, died.

ARKANSAS

Federal officials impounded Garland County ballot boxes in a vote investigation. Gov. Adkins asked the Racing Commission to cancel the Hot Springs meet to conserve gas and tires. Mrs. Fred Thomsen assailed the University of Arkansas for failing to grant her husband, head football coach, a leave of absence after he volunteered for Army service; she said two other coaches got leaves. At Hot Springs, 14-year-old Everett William Bryant, armed with a toy pistol and a bean-shooter, was held for extortion after he tried to force a grocery chain to give him $1,500. Dr. J. D. Riley, superintendent of the Booneville Sanitarium, was named chairman of Gov. Adkins' Tuberculosis Control Commission. Henry Thomas, 44, Negro, was sentenced at Rison to die for the murder of Mrs. Harry Veteto.

WHO DUNNED IT?



If you're writing a note to that pal in your home town to remind him of that hoary six-bit debt due you, take this advice from an old guardhouse lawyer—DON'T PUT IT ON A POSTCARD!

It's ag'in the law to dun anyone on a post (or postal) card! (Section 212, Criminal Code, March 4, 1909, 18 U.S. C. 335.)

Will you look at that card above? It would seem that your puzzle editor is in hot water. (Maximum penalty under above law: $5,000 fine plus 5 years in the clink.)

But, honest, fellers—it's not really a dunning card. Just a problem in numerical substitution. Here, you try it:

By substituting the proper number (0 to 9) for each different letter of the alphabet, translate the post card's message into a simple problem in addition. The first line, SEND, added to the second line, MORE, will total the third line, MONEY.

Incidentally—while we're on the subject—what IS the difference, officially, between a post card and a postal card?

(Solution on page 23.)

CALIFORNIA

Ward G. Walkup, San Francisco police commissioner, and William P. Kyne were seriously injured in an automobile collision in Colma. The new legislature in its opening sessions at Sacramento tackled the manpower problem, reorganization of the defense set-up and State Guard, and reduction of the speed limit to 35 mph. In San Francisco, 139 butcher shops were open only an hour a day because of meat shortage. Col. Andrew Rowan, the man who carried the "Message to Garcia," died at San Francisco. At Los Angeles, James O. Brazell, 52, reputed heir to the Pullman fortune, died. California women donated 500 fur coats for Red Army women flyers. Guy A. Anthony, aircraft worker held for draft evasion, went on a hunger strike. Mae De Rose, 2, died at Yreka of bubonic plague. Henry Jordan, 16, whose cigarette started a $100,000 fire of Christmas mail bags, was sentenced to give up smoking for life.

CONNECTICUT

Gov. Baldwin asked the General Assembly to enact a bill giving him authority to expedite the war effort by executive order. Mayor Vincent A. Scully of Waterbury, 46, died; he was succeeded by John S. Monagan. Charles A. Lindbergh is doing special research with the United Aircraft Corporation at Hartford. Frederick A. Jubb, 89, former State legislator, died at Danbury. At New Britain, Howard W. Smith was charged with murder, accused of shooting James Thompson after finding him under a bed in the Smith apartment. Gov. Baldwin appointed William J. Cox state highway commissioner for another four-year term.

GEORGIA

Ellis Arnall succeeded Eugene Talmadge as governor, immediately tackled the State's $36,000,000 debt problem. Atlanta police used tear gas to rout J. W. Brewer from his home, after he had threatened to kill his wife. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mathis observed their 72nd wedding anniversary at their home near Norcross. East Point ended 1942 with a surplus of $82,000. Mrs. B. C. Ingram, 29, was killed in an auto accident on the Mahaffey Cut bridge on the Audtell-Marietta Highway. Judge Clarence Ball began a new six-year term on Fulton County's civil court bench. William E. Spence was reelected mayor of Alpharetta. H. O. Hubert Jr., Decatur attorney, was elected to the legislature to replace C. Murphy Candler Jr., who's in the Army. George Nicholson, Cracker Party nominee, was elected legislator from Richmond County. Two Georgians were killed when their clothes caught fire; Mrs. Ella Pervine Jewell, 57, in Atlanta, and 3-year-old Kathleen Green of Monroe. Atlanta deaths: Ernest G. Beaudry, auto dealer, and Charles M. Zattau, former president of Foote and Davies Co.

ILLINOIS

The Illinois Terminal Railroad withdrew its petition to discontinue service on the 128-mile line between Danville, Decatur and Mackinaw Junction. The Peoria American Legion post took in its first veteran of this war—an Air Force gunner honorably discharged after a crash. At Bloomington, fire razed historic Hedding Hall at Illinois Wesleyan University. Henry Herget, 80, Pekin industrial leader, died. Newell Mecartney, Evanston attorney, is on trial with two other men for sedition. Chicago teachers' unions are asking a 10 per cent pay increase in addition to restoration of former basic pay schedules. Roger Touhy, back in Stateville Prison, was denied release after his attorneys argued his sentence for kidnapping John (Jake the Barber) Factor was framed.

INDIANA

In Indianapolis, the state legislature convened, and Gov. Shricker asked for harmony in his biennial address. At Fort Wayne, a $35,000 fire destroyed the Fort Wayne Paper Co. building. At Rensselaer, timber wolves stole a pan of dog food from the back porch of a farm house. New Albany's first streetcar "motormanette" made her appearance. Mrs. Paul Penna was killed and Mrs. George Keller critically injured when their car was struck by a C. M. St. P. and P. locomotive at Linton. Several persons were injured when three cars of a Pennsylvania train were derailed near North Judson.

IOWA

Exclusion of home-canned goods from rationing spurred Iowans' Victory Garden program. A sow on the Floyd Metzger farm near Davenport bore 27 pigs. Frank G. Pierce of Marshalltown questioned the power of communities to enforce blackout ordinances. At Frankville, a stove explosion killed Mrs. Melvin Borseth and her mother, Mrs. Madel Moore. Blythe V. Conn, Burlington, was named Des Moines County attorney during the army service of C. T. Cline. Two Catholic schools at Koekuk were closed by measles. Henry Chevalier, 94, died at Waterloo. Council Bluffs public school teachers formed a union. Legislators at Des Moines elected Henry W. Burma of Allison, House speaker, and re-elected Frank C. Byers, Cedar Rapids, Senate president pro-tem. State liquor stores limited sales to one quart of whisky a week per permit. At Sioux City, Paul V. Weekley, rubbing one itching foot against the other, set his bed afire.

KENTUCKY

The three members of the Madison County Draft Board at Richmond resigned, announcing they were unable to agree on policies. Ashland restaurants made Friday "no-meat" day. Lt. Gov. Rhodes K. Myers of Bowling Green announced he will run for governor in the Democratic primary. Twenty-two Evarts men, including the police chief and police court judge, were charged with violating the state law prohibiting cock-fighting. A Louisville vice squad, appointed by Mayor Wilson W. Wyatt and headed by Police Capt. Charles C. Doyle, made 100 arrests its first weekend.

LOUISIANA

Lockport's high school burned. The Baton Rouge Parish school board again ruled that school children must salute the flag. The bodies of J. Alfred Lutgring of Lafayette and George Gagnard of Hayne were recovered from White Lake; they were hunting when apparently their boat capsized. At New Orleans, five river barges of the Carnegie Steel Co. were seized by the War Production Board after the company refused a government purchase offer.

MAINE

Sheriff Rex V. Bridges of Androscoggin County has retired to his farm because of illness, leaving Chief Deputy Ralph A. Wagg in charge. The Rev. Edward F. Ward was appointed permanent rector of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Portland. Skowhegan's oldest man, Benjamin A. Sawyer, 92, was chosen clerk of Skowhegan's oldest business firm, the 107-year-old West Skowhegan Aqueduct Co.

MARYLAND

Ford's Theater, Baltimore's last legitimate playhouse, was closed pending safety improvements. Baltimore's School 29, at Presstman and Pulaski Streets, was destroyed by fire. Joseph A. Clarke, Baltimore buildings engineer, received threats from persons objecting to enforcement of safety laws in war-crowded dwellings. Thirteen men in Worcester, Wicomico and Somerset Counties, one a constable, were under U. S. indictment in connection with the operation of more than 30 stills on the Eastern shore. Dr. Howard A. Kelly, famous Johns Hopkins' physician, and his wife died the same day. Other Baltimore deaths: The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Albert E. Smith, editor of the Catholic Review *and pastor of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, Catholic Church; Laban Sparks, president of the Timonium Fair.*

MASSACHUSETTS

Daniel J. McDevitt, new chairman of the Boston School Committee, is district chairman of the 1943 War Fund drive. The Beverly Board of Aldermen elected Dr. Jacob Fine chairman of the Board of Health over the incumbent, Dr. Elizabeth Fleming. Francis J. O'Neil will head the Attleboro's Aldermanic Board this year. The North Adams School Board chose Richard N. Anketell of Canton as superintendent of schools to succeed Justin Barrett, resigned. The Rev. Patrick J. Meehan, pastor of Holy Trinity Church, Greenfield, died. At Boston, Francis Gutturna, despondent over the death of his wife in the Cocoanut Grove fire, killed himself. Two Jehovah's Witnesses members, Charles R. Atkinson of Arlington and Agbert J. Miller of Shelburne Falls, were given three-year sentences for draft violation. At Lowell, nine persons were injured in a fire at the Omaha Packing Co. plant. About 1,400 of Harvard's 3,300 students will leave at mid-year to enter the armed services or war work. English High School, Boston's largest, closed because of lack of fuel oil. Two bandits in Brookline observed the ban on pleas-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pvt. Anthony A. Christian of Astoria, N. Y., is worth $190 a month in government money, and here's the reason: a wife and 11 kids, giving him an allowance of $140. He's a cook's assistant in the AAF at Atlantic City, N. J. Before induction, he was on relief, receiving $94 monthly.

ure driving, took a cab to a liquor store, robbed the proprietor of $64, and left afoot. Louis Gay Balsam of Cambridge was named director of all food rationing for Massachusetts. A $100,000 fire swept the H. L. Green department store in Taunton. Fire destroyed the Community Theater in Dedham. Springfield's Board of Fire Commissioners approved a $7-a-week increase in firemen's salaries and a 70-hour week—to start when the war's over. New construction added $2,980,000 to Springfield's taxable value.

MICHIGAN

Fire caused $150,000 damage to the Perry Printing Company plant in Flint. At Coldwater, 16-year-old Donna Lee Simonds began her fourth week of unconsciousness, due to a skull fracture received in an auto accident. At Detroit, one man was killed and 14 were injured by an explosion at the Lincoln plant of the Ford Motor Co.

MINNESOTA

The state legislature, opening its biennial session in St. Paul, considered legislation for the security of servicemen after the war. Gov. Stassen called on Minneapolis to abandon its "archaic" government for the council-manager form. OPA officials ordered revocation of 20 motorists' gas-ration books for speeding. Minneapolis and St. Paul groups began organizing a join airport commission in line with state aeronautics commission recommendations. Walter Rapatz, 18, confessed a Minneapolis holdup for which his brother, Henry, 23, is serving time in Stillwater Prison. The Most Rev. Leo Dinz was inaugurated as coadjutor bishop of the Catholic diocese of Winona. Susan Dietzel, 76, of Campbell, was still missing two weeks after she disappeared. At St. Paul, the Minnesota Supreme Court ruled that 6-year-old Judith Ann Ashcroft shall remain with Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Jensen of Minneapolis, despite her mother's plea for her custody. Judith Ann has lived with the Jensen's since she was five months old.

MISSOURI

The Columbia-Fulton Senatorial District elected a Republican for the first time in history, giving the Senate a 17-17 party tie. The House is Republican, 94-56. Faust heirs of St. Louis tried to give away their $150,000 Italian mansion, probably will wreck it to save taxes. Gas rationing knocked some border Missouri county-seat towns out of the marriage-mill business. Mayor Becker told scrap collectors to "come and get" four old cannon on the St. Louis City Hall lawn. Marion Bennett, Republican nominee and son of the late Congressman Phil Bennett, was elected to succeed his father in the Sixth Congressional District.

NEBRASKA

The first carload of Omaha-made pork tushonka, prepared according to Russian specifications, left for Russia. Nebraska farmers raised $182 of a $1,600 fund to send seed oats and seed barley to Russia. Gov. Griswold told the Nebraska unicameral legislature to cut their session short. Dr. M. L. Elwood of Thedford quit as doctor for the Sanhills Cooperative Health Association.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

At Concord, Gov. Blood began his second term and asked the legislature for war emergency powers. Ansel Sanborn of Wakefield was named Senate president, and Sherman Adams of Lincoln, House speaker. Mayor Robinson of Laconia, seeking a fourth term, is opposed by Malcolm E. Barney. John L. Barry, State AFL president, resigned to join the War Manpower Commission. Kidder Block and the Methodist Church in Plymouth were destroyed in a $300,000 fire. Harlan Pearson, veteran reporter, columnist and secretary to 12 governors, died at Manchester. Several Nashau homes were damaged in a test blast near an abandoned railroad bridge. Alaric Gauthier, 65, lost his life in a $15,000 fire at the Davidson Construction Co. building in Manchester.

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City's Garden Pier, famed landmark, brought $100 cash at auction, the buyer assuming the property's $110,000 debt. Jersey City authorities said seven arrests had brought an end to bingo racketeers which used counterfeit bingo tickets to win prizes. When Julius Oliva, 29, was arrested on a charge of attempting to rifle the poor box at St. Lucy's Catholic Church in Jersey City, he explained: "I had lost several hundred dollars at dice and I came to church to pray that I'd win it back." Gov. Edison warned the state's 167th legislature at Trenton that unless it modernized New Jersey's 98-year-old constitution the federal government would exercise greater power over the State after the war. Atlantic City officials have increased the tax assessment value of Father Divine's "Heaven," the Brigantine Hotel, from $26,050 in 1942 to $107,540 in 1943.

NEW YORK

A fire prevention probe in Buffalo resulted in the questioning of the operators of five night clubs—Little Harlem, Club Merry-Land, Havana Casino, Brogan's and Club Moonglow. A Buffalo board of review dismissed intoxication charges against Assistant Desk Chief Lt. William J. Olden. Roy R. Brockett was elected chairman of the Buffalo Board of Supervisors for the fourth time. Kenneth Piper, Buffalo FBI head, was transferred to Washington and was succeeded by Duane Taylor. Butter brought $1.50 a pound at Niagara Falls. Mrs. Phyllis King of Worcester, Mass., jumped to her death from the 21st floor of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. Former Lt. Gov. George H. Cobb, 79, died at Watertown. Three executives of the Niagara *Daily Press*, Herman B. Sommer, Addison B. Sommer and Cecil Edward Cutting, were indicted for falsifying circulation figures to increase advertising. Dr. Solomon D. Deren, psychiatrist, died at Syracuse. In New York City, Guillermo C. Castro, 27, walked into a police station, announced he had killed his girl friend, Carmen Colon.

NORTH CAROLINA

At Raleigh, Gov. Broughton sent the General Assembly a budget totalling $105,060,538 for the 1943-45 biennium, not including $9,188,629 in bonuses for State employees in the armed services. Rep. Ed Tonissen of Mecklenburg County proposed a bill to repeal the state income tax; another bill was introduced calling for a statewide prohibition referendum. North Carolina deaths: Brig. Gen. Charles W. Barber, retired, at Charlotte; Judge Spencer Bell Adams, 82, at Charlotte; T. Austin French, 52, furniture manufacturer, at Thomasville.

OHIO

Judge Frank S. Bonham of Cincinnati Probate Court was seriously ill. C. Taylor Handman, Republican, was named sheriff of Hamilton County (Cincinnati) to succeed Fred Sperber, killed in an auto accident. Twelve bills to turn Ohio clocks back one hour were introduced in the new legislature at Columbus. Gov. Bricker took the oath of office for his third term. Bingo games in Cincinnati garnered $2,334,935 in 1942, sponsors retaining $1,782,633. Five men escaped from the Youngstown County jail after sawing their way through three doors. Three men were killed in a gas explosion at the Belle Valley mine, Cambridge.

OREGON

Rem. W. Thigpen, United Air Lines executive, was named Portland's "junior first citizen" by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Ethel Sanetel, 22, a Portland stenographer, and John Guynup, 18, returning from a movie, were seriously wounded when shot by Myrl W. Thompson, 57, who later committed suicide; police said jealousy was the motive.

PENNSYLVANIA

A four-alarm fire wrecked a paper warehouse on Franklin Street, near Poplar, in Philadelphia. Smallpox appeared waning in Mifflin and Lancaster Counties, but Philadelphians were urged to be re-vaccinated and doctors were taking care of 700 a day in the mayor's reception room. Ralph A. Swartz was appointed mayor of Chester to succeed William P. Lear, resigned. Delaware County's oldest Civil War veteran, Charles W. Eckert, 101, died. The Pittsburgh City Council outlawed smoking on street cars and busses. The Dairymen's Association of Western Pennsylvania attacked a Pittsburgh ordinance prohibiting the sale of unpasteurized milk. Pittsburgh's city detective inspector Walter Monaghan ignored a coroner's jury report, accused Sgt. John Poggs, of the county police, of killing his cousin. Fire swept the Kopp Glass Co. and St. Joseph's Convent in Swissvale. Arthur Guiterman, 71, humorist, playwright and lecturer, died at Pittsburgh.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Spartanburg's mayor urged a municipal income tax. At Brunson, 11-year-old James Fennell was charged with the shot-gun slaying of his brother, Johnnie, 18. The Masonic building in Sumter was damaged in a $100,000 blaze. George Logue, his wife, Sue Logue, and Clarence Bagwell died in the electric chair at Columbia for the murder of Davis W. Timmerman in Edgefield County. At Columbia, Senator Edgar A. Brown of Barnwell was elected president protem of the Senate, and Rep. Sol Blatt of Barnwell was re-elected speaker of the House.

TEXAS

The University of Texas medical branch at Galveston looked forward to early removal from probation by the American Medical Association. As the Texas legislature convened at Austin, its main problem was state finances, due to heavy revenue losses from gas rationing. E. L. Barmore, former mayor, died at San Benito. In Hidalgo County, 104 coyotes and 12 bobcats were trapped in a drive to protect stock and crops. M. M. Huber, South Houston school traffic policeman, faced charges in the hit-and-run death of 7-year-old Jerry B. Nelson. Alfred Klaerner, colorful sheriff of Gillespie County, voluntarily ended a 20-year tenure at Fredericksburg, retired to his farm and was succeeded by Robert Loth. W. J. Sloan, banker, was elected president of the Brenham Chamber of Commerce. At McAllen, the body of Virginia Espenlaub, 12, was found in shrubs near her home, amid signs of a struggle, a month after she disappeared. Texas deaths: Judge J. C. Muse, 82, attorney, at Dallas; W. B. Stone, 61, sociology professor of East Texas State Teachers College, at Commerce.

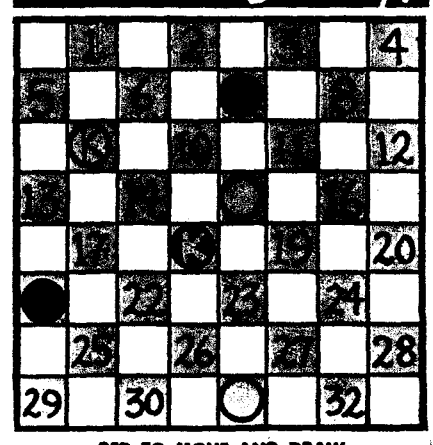
VIRGINIA

A manpower survey disclosed a surplus of labor at Richmond, Roanoke, Danville and Lynchburg, an acute shortage at Norfolk. At Richmond, Paul Williams, secretary to Judge Pollard, entered the Army and was replaced by Jack Allcott. Mrs. Elizabeth Patton Darling died in Richmond, leaving a $718,000 estate. State colleges and universities will lose 3,000 men to the armed forces at the end of the semester. The body of David Fensom was recovered from the Kanawha Canal in Richmond. Arthur W. James became state security officer for the OCD, to guard against sabotage. E. L. Layfield of Raleigh, N. C., bought the old First Presbyterian Church building in Richmond for $30,100. Richmond's Safety Director Herbert closed the Juke Box night club, charging overcrowding. Dr. R. Manton Wilson succeeded Dr. J. Hamilton Scherer as Richmond city coroner. The Richmond bar recommended Councilman Harold C. Maurice for substitute justice of Police Court, Part II.

WISCONSIN

Acting Gov. Goodland asked the legislature at Madison to limit its session to 90 days. The warehouse of the E. R. Godfrey Company in Milwaukee was gutted by fire. Three men were fined in Milwaukee for violations of the federal price ceilings on tires. Milwaukee postal employees are to work 48 hours a week. Ralph S. Kingsley of Kenosha will remain chairman of the State Council of Defense.

Checkerboard Strategy



RED TO MOVE AND DRAW

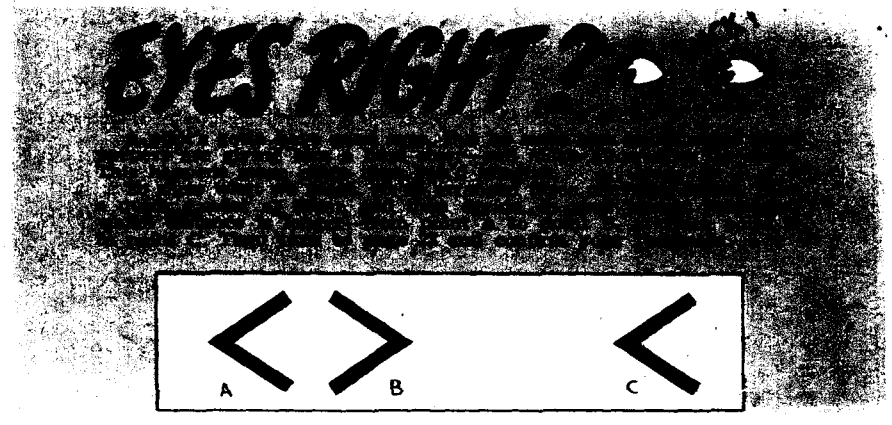
THIS WEEK's checker problem finds Reds in trouble again!

The Black King is attacking the Red checker on square 15 which is definitely about to become a "dead bunny!" The game seems to be lost for Red.

Yet there is a way out—and Red can still pull a draw decision out of this.

Try to figure out how!

The solution is given on page 23, but before looking it up, number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 consecutively as shown. This will help you to follow the moves in the solution.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Variety

PRODUCED BY THE

LETHAL. Aussies are issued this combination of dagger and knuckleduster. Wicked!

DUET. Whitey, the dog, follows every call of Pvt. Vincent Waldron's bugle at San Bernardino (Calif.) Air Depot.

PROPHECY. Dorothy Kolbe's has a dark back, the past, and a white front, for the futu

FERRY. This improvised troopship takes Yanks in New Guinea to a harbor near front lines. Jungle march followed.

NORTHERNER. Eugenie Jackson, of Hartford, Conn., doesn't miss the snow at this California resort.

MARCHER. Donald Shaw, 22, being sworn into the Army in New York City, walked 145 miles to report.

GAME? No, a Braille writing set. Pvt. Al H. Bommer, at Camp Roberts, Ca writes letters on it to his blind girl every week

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shots

MERAS OF THE WORLD

Tyrone Power, who's had lots of action in movies, starts out for the real thing as a private in the U. S. Marine Corps.

FIN S This German truck driver died at his post, overtaken by New Zealanders chasing Rommel.

CONGRATS War correspondents in Africa give a hand to Lt. John Lyle, a colored soldier commissioned from the ranks.

Ardelle DeBaere tries out new wooden bed springs, made of steam-bent birch, and says it's not bad. This will save a lot of metal.

ADMIRATION Pfc. Benjamin H. Burton gets a kick out of a Fiji Islander's hair. He ought to!

GENERAL Once a Russian brigadier general, Alexandre Barmine is now just another U.S. Army rookie, fixing his bunk.

The U.S.S. *Blakeley*, her bow blown off by an Axis torpedo, managed to plow into a Caribbean port for repairs, then made a 2,000-mile journey to Philadelphia, where a new bow was grafted on her. She's back on the high seas now, in aood shape.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BETWEEN the LINES

IT'S THE GNATS

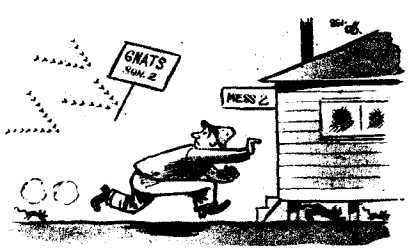
Hopeless McGonigle is a very interesting person. Things is always happening to him from out of a clear sky. He is like "My Sister Eileen" from the picture of the same name.

Hopeless and me is members of the AEF, which means Americans Exiled in Florida and not what you thought. The part of Florida which we are exiled in is very hot, but the weather ain't so bad. As a matter of fact it is the gnats that bother us. That's why what happens to McGonigle happens.

It's like this.

It's about 11 o'clock in a bright sunshiny day, so Hopeless decides to feed his face. With Hopeless, to think is to act, especially when it is nature what is calling, so he ankles over to Mess No. 2. After sweating out the line in front of the G.I. cafe he passes through the screen doors and enters.

The air is very heavy in the joint. In fact, the air is so heavy that you don't breathe it, you just cut off a chunk and suck on it for a little while. But this ain't so bad. It ain't so bad like the gnats.



The gnats like G.I. food. In fact the gnats like it so much that they enter right into the spirit of the thing and float in the gravy. This ain't so bad either, because gnats taste sweet and don't hurt the gravy. In fact, Hopeless is of the solemn opinion that it makes the gravy taste better, which ain't so bad either because after the perspiration from his low brow gets diluting the gravy it takes something like the gnats to give it strength again.

Anyway, Hopeless passes down the receiving line in Ptomaine Tavern and gets his plate loaded with goodies. First comes the meat, then the potatoes on the meat, then the gravy on the potatoes, then the beans in the gravy, then the butter on the beans, then the olives on the butter, then the pickles on the olives. This is G.I. style and is very handy because you get a little bit of everything on the fork at one time which is a very efficient way to dine.

Hopeless also gets himself a cup of iced tea which is made by having a Chinese KP look very intently at a tub of cold water.

When Hopeless sits down at his table he notices three guys what is ready to pass out from lack of air. "Open them windows," yells Hopeless.

This is sedition and a slight case of mutiny as it seems that the mess sergeant has a suspicion that open windows in the mess hall is illegal.

So he says to Hopeless, "Whaddya mean open them windows?"

Hopeless is always ready to engage in interesting repartee so he retorts, "I mean open them windows."

This confirms the mess sergeant's suspicions so he peers into Hopeless's face and says, "I think I'm going to report you to the FBI as one of them there saboteurs. You got a underground look."

Hopeless is insulted by this remark so he gets up to leave, especially because he ain't got no more to eat.

This maneuver brings forth action from a gimlet-eyed Joe what is dressed in white and is holding up one of the walls. "Where ya goin'?" he asks.

"Out," says Hopeless.

"Eat everything on your plate," says the G.I. house dick.

"I did," says Hopeless.

"Who ya foolin'?" asks the guy what is a assistant cook because he was a varnish mixer until his number came up. "Look at the food on yer plate."

"That ain't no food," says Hopeless. "That's a bean."

"Bean, schmean," says the Joe in white. "If it's on yer plate it's food. Eat it."

"I just ate," says Hopeless. "I ain't hungry."

"Then why didja take the bean?"

"I was hungry then."

"Ya can't throw that bean away," says the guy in white. "Don't you know that food will win this war and there is probably a Marine someplace what would like this bean?"

"OK," says Hopeless. "You give me his name and I will send it to him."

This disgusts the guy in white, so with a real mean look on his face like is advocated in training pamphlet 4-202 entitled "How to Fight Dirty," he points his finger at the bean and says, "Eat it."

Hopeless sees that further conversation will avail him naught, as it says in the high-class literature, so he reaches down with his fork to spear the bean which immediately gets up and flies away.

"Darn those gnats," says the cook, real embarrassed.

Hopeless is sore about the whole thing, but me, Stripeless, I just laughed because I know that if Hopeless could read he would understand what happened. After all, ain't there a big sign over the mess hall door what says, "LET NO MISTAKE GO UNCORRECTED, EAT ALL THE FOOD ON YOUR PLATE."

—Sgt. L. A. BRODSKY
325 Base HQ & AB Sgd.
Marianna (Fla.) Army Air Field.

PVT. MULLIGAN **by Cpl. Larry Reynolds**

"Shucks! Here comes the top kick. I suppose we'll have to police up th' area."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE THEY ARE . . . THE WINNAHS!

In The "Nuts To The Axis" Contest

To the men listed on this page go free subscriptions to YANK for one year. Their messages to the Axis Big Shots were judged the 100 best by YANK's staff of enlisted men. Some messages will soon be broadcast to all parts of the world.

PFC. MAURICE KLEINMAN
MacDill Field, Tampa, Fla.
CPL. PHIL VOZA
Fort Bragg, N. C.
PVT. JOHN MANCUKAS
Fort Logan, Colo.
CPL. JAMES BENTZEL
Fort Benning, Ga.
PVT. D. M. HOWARD
Fort Benning, Ga.
PFC. JAMES ADRIAN SANDERS
Fort Dix, N. J.
CPL. VINCENT GAGLIANO
APO 33, Fort Lewis, Wash.
PFC. ROBERT J. MEYER
APO 264, Camp Chaffee, Ark.
PFC. RICHARD GRANT BRINE
Camp Gruber, Okla.
PVT. MELVIN E. SIMONTON
Bowman Field, Ky.
PVT. EMANUEL COHEN
Keesler Field, Biloxi, Miss.
PVT. ANTONIO PARTIGIANONI
APO 45, New York, N. Y.
M/SGT. O. F. WELCH
Pine Bluff, Ark.
A/C PETER HALATSIS
Santa Ana, Calif.
CPL. STANLEY W. FLUM
Fort Ord, Calif.
PVT. WALTER J. CIESLA
Army Air Base, Yakima, Wash.
CPL. GEORGE GOLDSTOP
Boston, Mass.
PVT. PHILIP GELBER
West Point, N. Y.
PVT. ANGELL J. ENGEL
Camp Shelby, Miss.
PFC. RAYMOND H. NEARY
Williams Field, Chandler, Ariz.
CPL. ALVIN H. BLOHM
Fort Benning, Ga.
PVT. M. E. McGINNIS
Fort Myers, Fla.
PVT. PAUL ZALL
Tyndall Field, Fla.
PVT. JAMES F. HUGHES
Bradley Field, Conn.
PVT. SAMUEL S. FRIDKIN
Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.
CPL. ALBERT DULSKI
Seattle, Wash.
PFC. ROBERT J. SOWALL
Camp Bowie, Tex.
PVT. EDGAR MASON
Fort Lawton, Seattle, Wash.

PVT. CARL McCHING
Camp Carson, Colo.
PVT. FRED Y. SHIGAKI
Camp Grant, Ill.
PVT. MARVIN BROOKHOUSER
Fort Benning, Ga.
PVT. JOSEPH BARBEAU
Fort Terry, N. Y.
PVT. NUNZIE YAKONO
Fort Ord, Calif.
PVT. JOHN A. MICAMEF
Camp Blanding, Fla.
PVT. E. LEE SPARKS
Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.
CPL. JOSEPH W. COONEY
Kelly Field, Tex.
S/SGT. PATSY J. PRYOR
Victorville, Calif.
PVT. JAMES B. MULLEN
APO 3195, San Francisco, Calif.
SGT. JERRY MACE
Camp Young, Indio, Calif.
PVT. JAY B. SCHWARTZ
Fort Bragg, N. C.
CPL. GEORGE A. STANGL
Camp Blanding, Fla.
PVT. LESS H. BROWN
Alamogordo, N. Mex.
PVT. JAMES B. PALMER
Fort Jay, N. Y.
CPL. RODERICK A. JETER
Fort Knox, Ky.
PVT. HARRY MANN
Camp Gordon, Augusta, Ga.
M/SGT. OTTO F. WELCH
Grider Field, Pine Bluff, Ark.
PFC. HOBART L. HALL
Alkali Lake Gunnery, Wash.
SGT. STAN RUDEE
Plant Field, Tampa, Fla.
PVT. AUSTIN F. CHAPIN
Camp Stewart, Ga.
SGT. H. M. SQUYERS
Fort Leavenworth, Kans.
CPL. PETER VERA
Fort Benning, Ga.
PVT. CHARLES A. FRANDOLIG
Buckley Field, Colo.
PFC. JOSEPH CAHEN
Fort Bliss, Tex.
T5G ARTHUR A. BERTRAM
Fort McPherson, Ga.
A/C GASPER J. GIUNTA
Ellington Field, Tex.
PVT. MONROE LEVIN
Fort Monmouth Hosp., N. J.
PVT. RICHARD DuMEZ
Camp Livingston, La.
S/SGT. FORREST L. WICKS
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
PVT. HAROLD HOCK
APO 825, New Orleans, La.
SGT. LESTER A. SOBEL
Fort Benning, Ga.
PFC. MERLE E. MAINE
Hill Field, Ogden, Utah

CPL. DANTE D. YACULLO
New Orleans, La.
CPL. IRVING BRICKMAN
Fort Bragg, N. C.
PVT. GERALD E. MALMED
Lincoln Air Base, Nebr.
PVT. RICHARD ROSS
Las Vegas, Nev.
S/SGT. HARRY C. WILLIAMS
Biggs Field, Tex.
T/SGT. J. LACAPRUCIA
APO 818, New Orleans, La.
S/SGT. THOMAS S. EATON
Biggs Field, El Paso, Tex.
PFC. JULIUS E. WILLIAMS
Fort Huachuca, Ariz.
PFC. MANFRED E. PHILIP
Fort Jay, N. Y.
SGT. ROBERT C. WILLOUGHBY
APO 8, Fort Bragg, N. C.
PFC. CATARINO R. SALAT
APO 309, Tacoma, Wash.
PVT. PETER O'KEEFE
Foster Field, Victoria, Tex.
CPL. JOSEPH ANASTASIO
APO 919, San Francisco, Calif.
PVT. SIDNEY A. GREENE
Camp Upton, N. Y.
PVT. ED. V. BRUCE
Camp Murphy, Fla.
A/C EARLE R. G. SMITH
Ocean Grove, N. J.
PVT. JAMES S. BROWN
McClellan Field, Calif.
T4thG WALLACE W. BASS
APO 1227, New York, N. Y.
SGT. FELIX LEON
Tyndall Field, Fla.
PVT. THOMAS J. CAWLEY
Fort Myers, Fla.
S/SGT. JOHN F. ZIEGLER
Hamilton Field, Calif.
A/C DONALD REINES
Williams Field, Chandler, Ariz.
PVT. DANIEL D. RICCIO
Camp Gordon, Ga.
PVT. ROBERT W. BURROUGHS
APO 997, Seattle, Wash.
PVT. TED. R. STEVENSON
APO 827, New Orleans, La.
PVT. RAY E. QUINONEZ
APO 827, New Orleans, La.
S/SGT. DICK RALEIGH
APO 838, New Orleans, La.
PVT. WALDO H. VANDEVENTER
APO 24, San Francisco, Calif.
PVT. RALPH WINBORN
APO 27, San Francisco, Calif.
PFC. ROY P. WHITTON
APO 825, New Orleans, La.
PVT. ERNEST J. DUERKSEN
APO 825, New Orleans, La.
PVT. WILLIAM L. GUILD JR.
APO 643, Miami, Fla.
PVT. J. P. REID
APO 944, Seattle, Wash.
PVT. CLIFTON WALKER
APO 998, Seattle, Wash.
2ND LT. JAMES L. McALLASTER
APO 981, Seattle, Wash.
PFC. MAX ETZKIN
APO 828, New Orleans, La.
PVT. OTTO A. DAHL
APO 982, Seattle, Wash.
SGT. MARK R. CURILOVIC
Camp Crowder, Mo.
PFC. JOSEPH WESTON
Camp White, Ore.

Here Are A Few Winning Messages . . .

My name is Cawley. I am an American, 26 years of age. My parents were born on the other side where life was hard and people were pushed around even before Hitler.

They knew fear and hunger, but even out there they knew there was an America. They talked about it, dreamed of it, scrimped for it.

So they came over here, strangers in a strange land. They were welcomed, not as foreigners, but as Americans.

They settled where they pleased, worshipped the way they pleased. They cried the first time they voted.

They sent me to a free public school. They trained me. They made me a free man. We lived in peace, we lifted up our heads. The freedom was so real you could almost touch it as you walked.

Today there are people who want to take that freedom away from us. An evil man named Hitler has sworn that we must kneel along with other nations—that we shall know the cruelty and hate and fear that he has brought to so many other people in other lands. We have seen others fall and taken in. But we are going to keep the freedom we found here.

When I left home, I promised a little girl to bring back Hitler's mustache. I mean to keep that promise.

Fort Myers, Fla. —Pvt. T. J. CAWLEY

To Adolf Hitler:

In reply to your shoutings of the past 10 years, we regret that at present we have no *lebensraum* for you, but can supply you with an unlimited amount of room for dying.

We also regret that we cannot give you the earth, as you request. The present owner, God, has no intention of giving it up, but we are arranging to supply you with six feet of it. —A/C DONALD REINES

Williams Field, Ariz.

To Tojo:

Look, Tojo, my mother is an American and when she gets mad she is a cyclone, my dad is an American and when he gets mad he is a tornado, and I am an American and when I get mad I'm a raving wave of destruction. And I'm mad, so look out. —S/Sgt. JOHN F. ZIEGLER

Hamilton Field, Calif.

I'm just a private in Uncle Sam's Army, in the service since Nov. 13, 1941. I am a Japanese-American, so you can see I'm sort of behind the "eight ball," but here's my short-wave to Tojo:

"Doolittle was only the beginning as he flew over Tokyo and said: 'So sorry, big mistake, excuse please.'"

If I had Doolittle in my squad, I'd do a little more and there would be no more Tojo, and no "so sorry, big mistake, excuse please."

So let's all do a little more with Gen. Jimmie Doolittle!

Camp Grant, Ill. —Pvt. FREDDIE SHIGAKI

A FOOL THERE WAS

There is a bit of floating dirt
Called "The Land of the Razzing Son,"
That hides a goggled, buck-toothed twerp
Named "Tojo, the son of a bum."

Now, this message is meant to warn him
That a fool is naught but a fool.
And when those ears are ready to trim,
We'll furnish a hat and a stool!

—Sgt. MARK R. CURILOVIC

Camp Crowder, Mo.

I'm Jewish and proud of it. That is, my religion is Jewish. I'm an American, born and raised in California. This is a war that we Americans are fighting but we who are Jewish have more to fight for than just a good scrap. We saw what you did to our people in Europe and it won't happen here. We're coming, Hitler. Look out!

Plant Field, Fla. —Sgt. STAN RUDEE

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVENING MORNING REPORT

BROADWAY: Army Military Police and Navy Shore Patrols are teaming up to police New York's Times Square area. One MP and one SP go the rounds together. . . . East and West Coasts still can't agree over what's a good play. "Cry Havoc," the all-feminine play about nurses on Bataan, was cheered in Los Angeles and hooted in New York where it ran only a few performances. . . . First rousing musical hit in a long time is "Something for the Boys," with Ethel Merman, Allen Jenkins and Cole Porter songs. . . . "This Is the Army," now on the road, has grossed $2,000,000 for Army Emergency Relief.

Ethel Merman

MUSIC: The inevitable song about the Gremlins has come through. Called "Gremlins in the Groove," it is the work of Lionel Hampton. . . . Woody Herman has waxed an earful of swing called "Yardbird Shuffle." . . . And the Merchant Marine has adopted "Men of the Merchant Marine" as its official song. Composer is Ensign Jack Lawrence, who wrote "Yes, My Darling Daughter." . . . Every known poll for leading musician of the year went to Harry James, who must be good. . . . Les Brown's latest quartet is composed of two brothers and two sisters whose average age is 16. No draft will blow here for awhile.

Harry James

HOLLYWOOD: The Hollywood marriage picture seems much as it was, despite the absence of most male actors in the armed services. Ann Sheridan is divorcing George Brent; it is rumored Brent may marry Ilona Massey but Errol Flynn denies the report he and Ann will wed. Lynn Bari is getting rid of one husband to take on another. Mrs. Victor Mature is in Reno clearing the way for Mature's marriage to Rita Hayworth. The Mickey Rooneys are reported close to another bust-up. Claire Trevor is telling it to a judge. The Jack Oakies are rifting. And Anne Shirley is reported ready for matrimony again, now that she and John Payne are no longer wed. . . . Mae West's figure is the talk of the town. She has added 20 pounds and it's said a new wide screen will be needed to show her next picture.

Ilona Massey

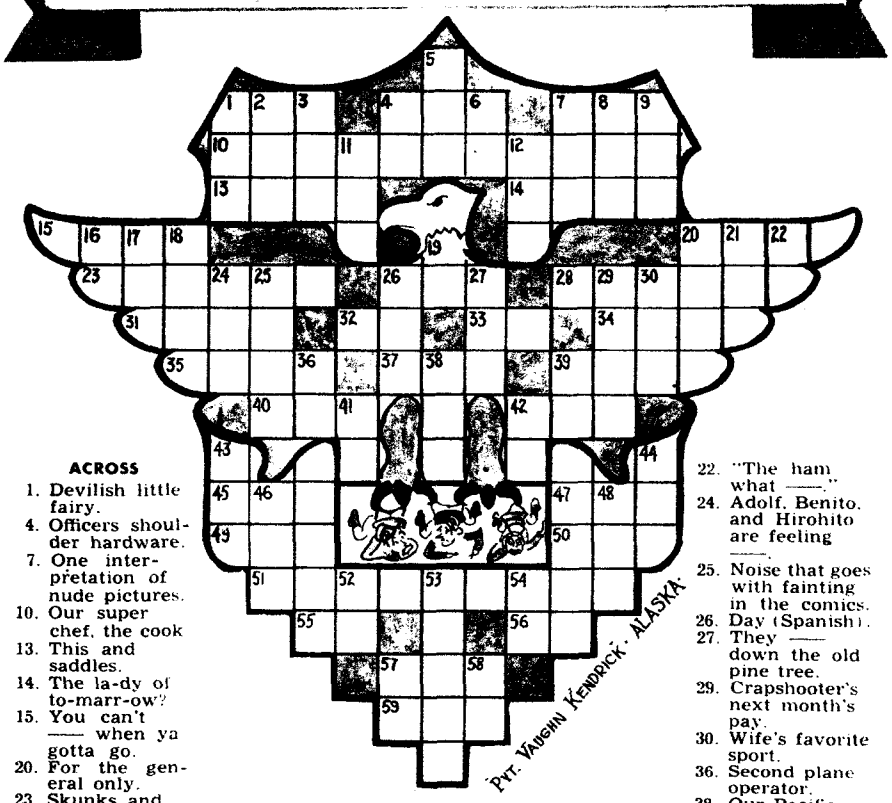
ALL AROUND: H. E. Dunton of Birmingham, Ala., shattered the world's rope-jumping record with 8,360 skips an hour—1,112 more than his nearest rival. . . . George Jessel's autobiography will be published soon. . . . Carole Landis was married in London to Capt. Thomas C. Wallace of Pasadena, Calif., a pilot in the Ferry Command. . . . The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* listed Sgt. Ted Yaryanamong among the 12 outstanding women of the year because of his performance as Sylvia in "The Women" at Camp Lee, Va.

Leslie Brooks

If you can cast your eyes on the opposite page without automatically uttering an "Ah!" then you are not feeling well and should go on sick call. Leslie's latest movie is Columbia's "City Without Men."

"I see Horvath has had his dates to these dances before."

G.I. CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Devilish little fairy.
4. Officers shoulder hardware.
7. One interpretation of nude pictures.
10. Our super chef, the cook
13. This and saddles.
14. The la-dy of to-marr-ow?
15. You can't —— when ya gotta go.
20. For the general only.
23. Skunks and zebras have 'em!
26. U. S. military award.
28. Simple soldier (non-complex, abbr.)
31. Do ya like to drink yer——?
32. Military intelligence.
33. Way things are looking.
34. Fem G.I.s
35. Kid's toy set, minus the K.
37. Industrious little bugger.
39. An army outfit. (abbr.)
40. Hawaiian food.
42. No tires, gas, so women can't —— about.
45. Federal crime does not pay!
47. It's a sad thing with the end lopped.
49. —— we meet again.
50. Man and beast staggered into camp, and his —— was dragging.
51. One who "rests" while on fatigue detail.
55. "—— Tokyo, via Berlin."
56. Kind of police —marching to the left.
57. "Forward!" (abbr.)
59. A concluding thought.

DOWN

1. Tidal movement.
2. The big bad lion.
3. Adrift on an ice ——.
4. Near.
5. They asked for it.
6. Reserve officer.
7. 16th president's first name.
8. Stop color.
9. Attempt.
11. Looeys. (abbr.)
12. Brigade headquarters.
16. "—— you like it."
17. "I'll Take Fanilla." (Moldy enough for ya?)
18. Saying "trip" with a cold.
19. What and who we're fighting for.
20. "Take it on the lam, kitty!"
21. Tic's twin.
22. "The ham what ——."
24. Adolf, Benito, and Hirohito are feeling ——.
25. Noise that goes with fainting in the comics.
26. Day (Spanish).
27. They —— down the old pine tree.
29. Crapshooter's next month's pay.
30. Wife's favorite sport.
36. Second plane operator.
38. Our Pacific enemy.
39. What a burglar does.
41. Quiz Kids, report!
42. By our good uncle.
43. One end of a ship.
44. If you dood it, you'll be barred from the ranks!
46. The paperhanger likes to be Mr. ——.
48. How to learn things.
52. "—— and behold! A frail!"
53. Two things, one of them a female dog.
54. Greater part of a hip.
57. Be sure and write to your Aunty Aircraft.
58. "Waitin' at the gate for ——."

(Solution on page 23.)

COMPANY STREET

Sylvia Paioff works in the Finance Department of the **Brooklyn Army Base** and Lt Comdr. Fog is chief of the **Navy Shore Patrol** for the West Coast. . . . Brothers Gin Wong, Ngay Wong, Wing Wong, Chow Ham Wong, Herbert Wong and Ken Wong lined up at the **San Francisco Army Reception Center**. . . . A **Fort Bliss** (Tex.) sergeant, back from pass, showed the gate MP his identification card. The guard stared, gulped, finally let him in. The card read: "Dear Rosemary: Why can't you give me your phone number and address? I hope I can come to know you better. Yours —." . . . First all-corporal wedding in the Army was celebrated at Detroit when Cpl. Alvin Makowski of an armored division married WAAC Cpl. June E. McDonald of **Daytona Air Base**, Fla. The Cpls. Makowski honeymooned five days in Detroit, then went their separate ways.

To limit volunteers for overseas combat service, headquarters at **Marianna Air Field**, Fla., issued this order: "Only men who have earned a chance to go to a combat unit by hard work, diligence and loyalty will be selected for such assignments as a reward." . . . 2nd Lieut. John Piribek graduated from Coast Artillery OCS at **Camp Davis**, N. C., last October, his brother Martin in November, and brother Jerry in December. . . . Homesick Cpl. George Borthel of **Camp Shelby**, Miss., asked for and got a three-day pass. Grabbing an overnight bag he hiked 20 blocks to the hutment of Cpl. Adndri Akita and Pvts. Sam Wgent and Sol Lish, where he spent the next three days. Cpl. Borthel had lived there before he was transferred to his present unit. . . . S/Sgt. Chester of the FA at **Camp Breckenridge**, Ky., is the double of Sgt. Joe Louis, with two exceptions. He looks like Louis, belongs to the same race, has the same height, weight and age. The exceptions: Joe is in the Cavalry and—well.

OC Eugene Gelsman of the **Air Force OCS** at Miami, Fla., wanted a coke to soothe his sore throat. He stuck a nickel in his barracks' coke machine and out came a bottle, and another, and another. Speechless OC Gelsman waved his arms, gurgled, pointed. The squadron lined up, passed in review as the machine set up free cokes for the entire outfit. . . . Lt. Col. William R. Tomey of **Fort McClellan**, Ala., was walking the firing range, asked the name of one of the men firing. "Pvt. Costello, sir," was the reply. "Coach," asked the colonel, "what is your name?" "Pvt. Abbott, sir." . . . Theater No. 2 at **Fort Dix** was showing "Wildcat," a rip-snortin' Western. Suddenly the film sound was cut off and a voice over the public address system said: "Will Sgt. Vermillon please report to base headquarters." When the sound track was cut on again the next speech heard was: "That's the rat I was talking about!"

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

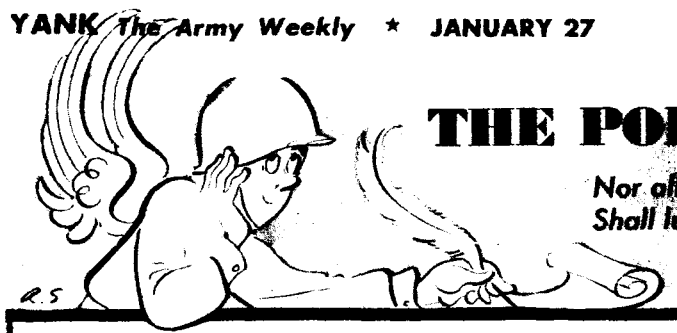
If you're a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK SERIAL NO.

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

DOES VICTORY DEPEND ON ME?

I am the butt of the soldier's joke,
At me the sailors their lampoons poke.
Does victory depend on me,
The limited service, bedevilled MP?

With stalwart heart, if quavering stand,
I take the situation well in hand
When the husky marine is on a spree,
The "off limits" sentinel, the sober MP.

When the carrot-fed aviator, daring and sky-eyed,
Misses his train because he is pie-eyed,
I steady his step because, you see,
That's a limited service of the grounded MP.

I guard the work of the steady man
Who works to build the best he can
The ships, the planes, the guns,—you see,
My service is limited to just MP.

Armed with a night stick, a brassard and whistle,
In rain and snow, I hope that this'll
Somehow help in the victory—
The limited service of the poor MP.

Poor vision, fallen arches, over-age or too short,
I do the duties of a catch-all sort
For the men who got credit for victory—
The "behind the scenes," the bedevilled MP.

When the heroes come home with adulation,
I'll make up the army of occupation
And stay on the job for victory—
The unlimited service of the poor MP.

I walk my post in a military manner.
There is little glory to tinsel my banner.
Does victory depend on me,
The limited service of the poor MP?

Please, God, when you've handed round the glory,
Find a place at the end of the thrilling story
For the contribution to victory
Of the limited service, bedevilled MP!
YES, VICTORY DEPENDS ON ME!

—Cpl. DENIS McGENTY

Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.

LEST WE FORGET

Many a mound this war has seen,
In distant lands and near;
Many a spade has clawed the earth
Midst shot and shell and fear.

Many a man has gazed upon
That hollow wide and deep,
Some with blistered hands,
And some I did see weep.

Many a man will ne'er forget
As he silently tread by,
That there once stood his comrades—
Men like you and I.

And when the strife is over,
The soldier and marine
Will ever see before them
That field G.I. latrine.

—Cpl. HERBERT SELIGSON

Australia

TEXAS REVERIE

Now Texas is part of our great domain,
To be cherished, just like the rest,
And the soldiers raised on this great terrain
All swear by it as the best.

The reason for this is hard to be missed,
Like a dog with his precious bone;
The one place dearest to all of us
Is that wonderful place called home.

Now home is wherever we hang our hat,
Or barracks bag, I should say,
And we gripe sometimes of this and that,
With our thoughts at home far away.

But soon we'll have that ape on the run,
The one that started this row,
And when we do, believe me you,
We'll put him in hell—and how!

Now Texas might be the biggest state,
And flyin' weather the best,
But when I'm lucky and get a break,
I'll get me out of the West.

All the cactus, coyotes and sage brush,
And the scent of the orange trees—
I'll leave it all to the natives,
For a cornfield ripe in the breeze.

—Pvt. HAROLD S. MOODY

Moore Field, Tex.

PRIVATE PROPERTY

Noncoms have their chevrons,
Lieutenants have their bars,
Colonels have their eagles,
Generals their stars.

What, then, has the private
Fastened to his arm,
Or resting on the shoulder
Of his uniform?

Only this (but tell me,
Who'd not like the same?):
On his arm or shoulder,
One delicious dame.

—Lt. RICHARD ARMOUR

Antiaircraft Artillery

PROFILE

Pvt. Jones my patience taxes
Though I'm the most patient of men:
He thinks that a prophylaxis
Is a side view of Adolph and Ben.

—S/Sgt. LOUIS FOX

TCAB, Charleston, S. C.

SUPPLICATION

Let me not fear the battle's roar,
Or dangers flying overhead,
Nor weaken me at sight of gore,
But strengthen me, Oh Lord, instead;

Though bullets whine right past my ears,
I pray to take it all in stride;
Lift up my head and banish fears,
I've faith, for right is on my side.

If He is just, as we have learned,
And merciful and true and kind,
He'll walk beside and steady me,
Encouraged, I'll find peace of mind;
Though I be fallen in the fight,
I'll rise again, as rise I must
To march always beneath His light,
For in my God, I put my trust.

—Pvt. ALFRED BASKIND

TCAB, Charleston, S. C.

CORPORALS

Corporals, though opulent,
Are very seldom corpulent.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

Scott Field, Ill.

The Sad Sackers Club

(Dues 10c every 50 years)

Dear YANK:

On the eventful night of Dec. 25, 1942, a new club was formed by three of the enlisted personnel of Dow Field, Bangor, Me., and officially named the Sad Sackers Club. It was voted that dues would be 10 cents every 50 years or portion thereof. In other words, a membership taken out between now and Dec. 25, 1992, will cost 10 cents. However, a member taking out membership Dec. 24, 1992, or any day prior would have to pay an additional 10 cents on Dec. 25, 1992, in order to keep up membership.

It was voted to allow all servicemen and women and desirable civilians to join upon recommendation of a sad sacker and approval of at least two of the three officers of the club. The primary purpose of the club is to create good fellowship and to link more closely all branches of the service and civilians in one friendly group. While the club was formed in the spirit of fun, it is sincerely hoped by the officers that by keeping a record of home addresses of members a real reunion can be held (quite likely in New York City) after the war.

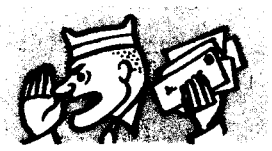
Weekly meetings of 8 P.M. every Monday at the Pilot's Grille in Bangor, Me., are contemplated for those that can attend, and everything consumed at these meetings will be a la dutch treat.

Persons who are citizens of the U.S. may apply for membership by mail by sending 10 cents and one letter of character reference. If accepted, the applicant will receive five sheets of official stationery together with an official membership card. All applications should be sent to one of the three officers in care of the address given below.

—Pvt. P. PARKHURST, President
—Sgt. A. ZUFALL, Vice President
—Pvt. G. MAROTTA, Secy.-Treas.

The Sad Sackers Club
7th Base Hq. & AB Sq.
Dow Field, Bangor, Me.

Mail Call



Dear YANK:

In the event of my death, would my wife receive the following benefits, payable each month: 1) An installment on my insurance; 2) Veteran's pension, provided she doesn't remarry; 3) An additional amount for the support of my child until he reaches the age of 18; 4) 6 months pay gratuity?

—Sgt. SIDNEY RACHLIN

Camp Howze, Tex.

1) If your wife is under 30 years of age, she would receive 240 equal monthly payments at the rate of $5.51 per thousand of the Government insurance you carry. For example, if you carry a $1,000 policy, your wife or beneficiary, would receive $5.51 every month for 20 years. If you carry a $10,000 policy, she would receive $55.10 each month for 20 years. If your wife is over 30, payment would be made for life. If 30, a $10,000 policy would bring her $39.70 per month for life; if 40, she would receive $45.00 per month for life; if 50, she would get $53.90 monthly for life. (There are increased benefits for beneficiaries of higher ages.)

2) In the event of your death, your widow, if 50 years of age or younger, would receive a monthly pension of $30.00. If your widow is over 50, she would receive $35.00 per month.

3) Your child, if 10 years old or younger, would receive $8.00 per month. If he is over 10, he would get $11.00 per month. If before reaching the age of 18, the child becomes incapable of supporting himself by reason of physical or mental defect, he would continue to receive compensation until such deficiencies were corrected. Otherwise, if your child is sound, is over 18 years of age, and is studying in an approved educational institution, he would continue to be eligible for benefits until (a) he gets married or (b) reached the age of 21.

4) Yes; your wife would be eligible for six months pay gratuity, which would be six months of your service pay for the rank you held at the time of your death.

Dear YANK:

Sgt. George R. Johnson [YANK, Dec. 23] thinks the battery or company clerk should have the rate of staff sergeant [YANK, Dec. 23]. If these men deserve the rate of staff sergeant then the boys in the Air Forces who are really keeping them flying should become master sergeants.

Did the sergeant ever think of the responsibility that the crew chief has? If he looks at the engineer, who is from private on up in whose hands rests a quarter of a million dollars maybe, he will not worry too much about the small matter of a clerk getting above the grade of corporal.

As the sergeant put it, let's get back of these men that deserve all the rating the Army has to offer and let the clerk come next.

—Pvts. J. L. THEURER and R. C. MOSER

AAF, Hendricks Field, Fla.

Dear YANK:

Your artist, illustrating the story of the moonlight bombing raid over Burma in a recent issue [YANK, Dec. 23], drew the B-24 bomb-bay doors opening in the wrong way. They should slide up the sides, not hinge open like a trap door.

—Pvt. P. SEEGER

Keesler Field, Miss.

Dear YANK:

I see that there's some controversy as to where you'll find the best looking gals. Here's the solution:

You may sing of charm, and praise
The Texas, Florida and New York babes,
But if you really want the best,
Your choice is Iowa and the Middle West.

—Pvt. FRED JARY

Pendleton Field, Oreg.

Dear YANK:

I am with an FA outfit over here about [number censored] miles from the thick of the battle on a small island, with a lot of natives and a few hundred white civilians. I understand that this was a [censored word] but it doesn't seem that way now. Everything is off limits after 7 in the evening, there is no other place for a G.I. to go except the small port of 10 or 12 stores.

Some of us have made friends with some of the civilians here. How are we going to visit them if we can't go into town about a mile from camp? There are about 90 MPs there and they will slam you into the brig if they catch you in town after 7. The higher-ups give a dance about one or two times a week for the officers and the girls of the island, but never is anything held for the enlisted men. The only thing that keeps us going is a movie now and then. Please include this in your next issue of YANK; we G.I.s would like for the higher-ups to know how we feel.

—Pvt. FRANK E. ALLEN

Overseas

Dear YANK:

The leg stuff and sports in YANK are really okay. But most of the stories gag me. For instance in the Oct. 21 issue, Sgt. Bill Richardson, YANK correspondent, wrote a touching article on Labrador which really irks me. Says he, "Some of the G.I.s stationed there have been away from the cities in the States a whole long four months!" I'm speaking for a gang of guys when I say the nearest thing to a "filly" I've seen in over 10 months is a picture of Jane Russell in a straw pile.

Yeah, and that's a lead to take a cut at Sgt. Georg Meyers who starts off with the fairy-tale stuff. I'll bet he's been to some of the wild, far-flung outposts such as Kodiak and Fairbanks! He says every second soldier finds Alaska to be much like home.

I propose a little trip for some of the YANK staff. Better they should see the [censored] than to try to dream up one of their beautiful tales out of our Winter wonderland. Confidentially, fellas, it can't be done.

If you print this I'll read your damn YANK and promise no more squawks.

—Pfc. PAUL J SKELTON

Alaska

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. 1, NO. 33
JAN. 27, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

NEW ERA FOR CHINA

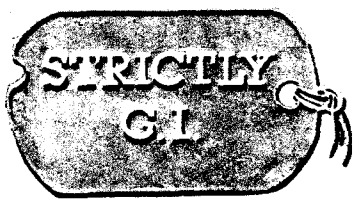
ON THE FIRST DAY OF 1942, China became a formal ally of the U. S., pledging her full military and economic resources against the Axis powers.

Exactly one year later, the U. S. and Great Britain signed treaties abolishing extraterritorial rights in China. The long history of this exploitation of the East by the West is described on page 9 of this issue. But the real significance of the move is its triumphant declaration of the aims for which we fight: the restoration of countries to their own people.

In this case, it is the declaration on the part of the free people of the Western world that the free people of China can rule themselves in democratic fashion. It is final recognition for the people who overthrew the rotting Manchu dynasty, who forced the war lords and princes to unite in a common democratic cause. These are the people who made the immortal Long March when Japan invaded their coastal towns—6,000 miles from the farthest point in Fukien on the coast deep into the northwestern part of Shensi. These men, women and children, blazing a trail on foot over terrible and impassable trails, carrying furniture, tools, sewing machines—these people set up the new China.

Today, there are 450,000,000 of them, building a new and awakened China. As fighters they engage from 30 to 40 Japanese divisions. These Japanese divisions cannot attack American troops in the Pacific or India or Australia. Neither can they be used against the Soviet Far East. The Chinese people are giving them all they can handle.

A year ago, China signed the Atlantic Charter. Since then there have been calls for a similar document in the Asiatic countries. But with or without documents, China fights on. Veteran of 10 years of war against a common enemy, her goal is clear: recovery of her lost territory and the permanent establishment of a free and independent nation.



Drill Your Way Through College

UNDER its new specialized training program the Army is sending a limited number of enlisted men to college for basic and advanced training in such specialized subjects as science, engineering and medicine. All told, some 250,000 soldiers will get a year of college education at a cost to the government of half a billion dollars.

Applicants for the *basic specialized training* must have scored at least 110 in the Army general classification test, must have completed or be in the process of completing their basic military training and must have been graduated from high school and be between the ages of 18 and 21 inclusive.

Besides these requirements, applicants for the *advanced specialized training* must have had at least one year of college work or its equivalent. They need not be under 22.

The successful applicants will be trained under military discipline in batches of 500 at some 300 American colleges.

Naval Etiquette

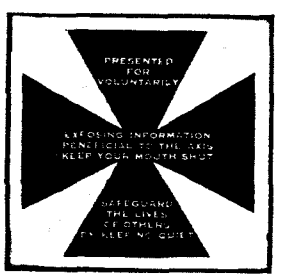
The Navy suit is losing its zoot. For economy reasons, Navy officers soon will wear gold braid only half way around their sleeve cuffs and considerably less scrambled eggs (gold trim) on the peaks of their hats. What's more, the Navy has authorized for officers a new Army-style overseas cap, which will come in blue, white, khaki and green to match various Navy uniforms. Admiral Halsey's officers in the South Pacific long ago adopted the overseas hat because it was cooler and less likely to sail off into the drink.

Native Etiquette

Special Service is distributing another book of etiquette to Army personnel, this time "How to Behave in North Africa." Here's the dope on how to act toward local belles: "A Moslem woman is usually covered from head to foot in a plain white wrapper, with a white veil stretched across her face just beneath the eyes. Never stare at her. Never jostle her in a crowd. Never speak to her in public. Never remove the veil. Serious injury if not death at the hands of Moslem men may result if these rules are not followed. When you are about to enter a house or a yard, call out to the women to cover their faces or get out of the way." You may use the word *taghuttu* (ta-GHAT-too), like peek-a-boo, which means "cover up."

Not For Heroes

Fort Clark, Tex., offers this to the Army's campaign to safeguard military secrets. When a soldier goes on furlough he is handed four "iron crosses." If he hears another soldier spilling secrets over a beer, he hands the offender a cross and walks away. "The theory being," said Lt. Col. C. B. Wales, the post executive officer, "if he walks up and tells him to shut up, the fellow might take a swing at him. By the time he turns the cross over and reads the printing, the lad who handed it to him is out of range."



Add Tough Jobs

First assignment to combat-reporters of the U. S. Marine Corps: "Write your own obituary."

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Horror Tale

Nazi military experts have exhumed Greek mythology to alibi the pasting they're taking in Russia this Winter.

The Monday - morning quarterback of the Brussels *Zeitung*, after groaning that "exhaustion of Russia appears impossible," drags in Euripides with this crusher:

"Last year's phenomenon has been repeated in supernatural fashion and the Russian Hydra again regrows its severed head. The horrifying tales of last Winter still ring in our ears."

Next week: Dracula and the Seven Dwarfs.

They Won't Co-operate

The amazing ingratitude shown by peasants of the conquered Ukraine for the blessings of the New Order was the subject of a speech made recently by Herbert Backe, Reich minister for food and agriculture, before party axmen at Posen, Poland.

"The fuehrer is relieving us from the choking dearth of space," the poor minister wept into his ersatz beer, "but it will be a permanent blessing only if it is filled with Germans."

To prove his point Backe said that in 1942 only one trainload of wheat had reached Berlin from the promised land. This trainload, incidentally, was plastered all over with signs proclaiming, "Your soldiers send you this food," and it went—you guessed it—to Nazi officials, military leaders and diplomats.

Nazi Latrinogram

German factory workers have been asked to give further proof of their "Strength Through Joy" by controlling calls to nature during work hours.

Also verboten by the Reich ministry of labor, says a recent BBC broadcast, are "whistling, singing and unnecessary conversation."

Workers caught wasting "a single minute of time" out of their regular 12-hour working day are threatened with heavy fines or imprisonment by the solicitous ministry.

Entire Issue Copyright, 1943 by YANK, The Army Weekly, Printed in U.S.A. Pictures: Cover, Sgt. George Aarons. 3, Acme. 6, INP. 7, bottom, YANK Staff; right, Acme. 8, PRO, Tyndall Field, Fla. 10, PA. 11, Acme. 12, top left, Australia News & Inf. Bureau; top center, AAF; top center & center, Acme; bottom left, WW; bottom center, INP; bottom right, Special Service, Camp Roberts, Calif. 13, top, PA; bottom, INP; center, Acme; left & right center, U. S. Sig Corps. 16, Columbia Pictures.

Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Layout, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; News Editor, Pvt. Justus Schlotzhauer, Inf.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd.; Features, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, SU; Cartoonist, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.

London: Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig. Corps.; Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr.; Cpl. Ben Frazier, CA.

Cairo: Sgt. Burgess Scott, Inf.; Sgt. George Aarons, Sig. Corps.

North Africa: Sgt. James Burchard, Inf.; Sgt. Robert Neville, AAF; Sgt. Peter Paris, Engr.

North Atlantic: Sgt. Gene Graff, Inf.
Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF.
Alcan Highway: Pvt. Donald Seely, Engr.
Australia: Sgt. E. J. Kahn Jr.; Sgt. Claude Ramsey.

Middle East: Sgt. Al Hine, Engr.
I-B-C Command: Sgt. Ed. Cunningham, Inf.; Sgt. John T. Barnes, AAF; Sgt. Robert Ghio, MP.

Southwest Pacific: Sgt. Dave Richardson, CA; Sgt. Mack Morriss, Inf.; Sgt. Howard Brodie, Sig.
Panama: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan.
Nassau: Cpl. David B. Fold, MP.
Hawaii: Sgt. Merle Miller, Sgt. John Bushemi, FA.
Trinidad: Cpl. Frank H. Rice, Inf.
Marines: 1st Sgt. Riley Aikman.
Navy: Y3c Robert L. Schwartz; Y3c Allen Churchill.

Officer in Charge: Lt. Col. Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor, Maj. Hartzell Spence; Detachment Commander, Capt. Sam Humphfus; Officer in Charge for England, Lt. Col. Egbert White.

EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—HERE A NEW ZEALAND SAILOR GIVES A G.I. A GLANCE

TWO MARINES— AMERICAN AND FRENCH

With the USAFISPA

UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES IN SOUTH PACIFIC AREA

THE S.P.S AND M.P.'S LOOK LIKE THEY MEAN BUSINESS HERE

The sketches and story appearing on these pages are the product of YANK's team of correspondents in the South Pacific area. Sgt. Howard J. Brodie, staff artist on the fighting fronts in this theater, and Sgt. Mack Morriss, staff writer, have done an excellent job in bringing to YANK readers the strangeness and color of this far-off place. More of their work will appear in an early issue.

A U. S. BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—This is one of those places in the South Seas you've read about but, brother, smile when you use the word "paradise" down here. The U. S. Army isn't on location for a sarong opera.

If the average G.I. stops long enough to take in the natural beauty of the place, he may set it down as "picturesque," but he'll have neither the time nor the inclination to say more.

However, if operations have stemmed desires to wax wacky and make with the soft lights and sweet music, it certainly doesn't make this spot any less interesting—especially if you're a new Joe and still aren't used to American-made cars with the steering wheels on the wrong side.

In some places farther south you could spot a newly-minted overseas man because he invariably walked on the wrong side of the sidewalk and looked the wrong direction when he crossed a street; but here that doesn't make any difference. If you're walking you look both ways, and if you're driving you head for the side of the street that happens to be vacant for the moment.

Strange Sights But No Liquor

Everything about the island is foreign to a newly-arrived G.I. You're apt to speak to somebody in American and be met with a blank look or a bewildering line of something that might be either native, Javanese, French—or a mixture. In town you may pass a row of run-down buildings, private and public, then run smack into some modernistic structure that looks like an architect's pipe dream. You step high off the curbs; the drainage system is strictly public.

In the shops—such as are still able to be open—you can get sandwiches of a kind, delicious chocolate, tea, cake, fruit drinks—and at some places, the worst coffee under the sun. Two sand-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wiches, a piece of cake and a beverage cost about 70 cents American.

Liquor for sun-helmeted soldiers? Oh, no. Dates with the local belles? Not today, Junior—this ain't Main Street back home, you know. Music? Well, yes—in the local version of a drug store there is a juke box like none other you've ever heard. A big sign says: "Latest American hits—'Jingle, Jangle, Jingle'; 'Boogie-Woogie'; 'Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition.'" You pass a nickel over the counter, indicate your selection, and the girl puts the record on a phonograph.

You'd be surprised how good home-grown jive sounds.

But even if this so-called "Paris of the Pacific" offered Coney Island's amusements, U. S. soldiers here wouldn't have time to enjoy them. There's too much going on. Men who have been away six weeks have trouble in finding their way around when they get back. You can't escape the atmosphere of hurry up, hurry up—get it done, get it done. Sheet-metal quarters glisten in the sun today where yesterday there was nothing. Rows of pyramidal tents line a field that this morning was bare. Prefabricated offices are pounded together in almost nothing flat by sweating engineers.

Assorted Arms Under Three Flags

Strange as the bustle of army life must be to the resident population, the population itself is even stranger to the Army. You walk down the street past tiny Javanese women, barefooted and with the long folds of their skirts hobbling them at the ankles. They carry their children in sash-like cloth contraptions which only a slant-eyed little Javanese could appreciate.

The native men—nicknamed "Charleys" and black as the deuce of clubs—are beautifully built guys who in some cases treat their hair so that it turns out like a sienna nightmare. Fierce-looking fellows, they're perfect physical specimens. Their women are just specimens.

Even so, civilians of any race are the exception. Flags of three nations fly here, and the mixture of arms and services is staggering. Most colorful are the Fighting French; native troops with their gaudy headgear and even gaudier green-striped khaki shorts pace back and forth on post before military installations. French officers manage to look dignified and comfortable at the same time in khaki shorts and shirts, with knee-length cotton socks.

For all the bizarre picture-book strangeness of the place, the nearness of war is ever present. Men who have seen action walk the streets, and convalescent cases test their legs while perhaps a nurse in khaki lends moral support. A sailor with a green fatigue jacket or G.I. shoes walks by with a red arm band, and you know why he's in mixed uniform. Marine buddies meet on the street and their faces light up and they start off by saying, "What ever happened to Joe at . . ."

Useful Nuggets of Intelligence

You pick up odds and ends of information that are worth remembering. Things like doing push-ups in fox holes during shellings, instead of lying flat on the ground; like leaving Jap dead alone because sometimes their own guys have taken the firing pins out of grenades and laid the grenades under the bodies; like leaving your chin strap loose so that the concussion of a close one won't get under your helmet and snap your neck.

And the stories those Marine kids can tell you. About the time they cornered some Japs who had the habit of pitching back grenades, and how the Marines threw cocoanuts at them just for fun and the Japs were so excited they threw the nuts back. But that's just mild. Some of the other things aren't funny—the way they fought and how they went in after the Japs and got 'em.

This is a South Sea island at war. Save the "paradise" stuff for Hollywood.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

"Yoo hoo, soldier, let's maneuver."

—Cpl. HOWARD P. SPARBER
Miami Beach, Fla.

Army Jokes

If you can top these Army jokes, let YANK know it. Rib-ticklers you send in will be printed with full credit to you.

A rookie on trash detail was messing with the garbage cans outside the mess hall. The mess sergeant wandered outside, saw this yardbird poking a stick in the garbage pail, and roared at him in his toughest basso:

"G'wan, get inside the mess hall and eat. You're no better than the rest of them."

—Cpl. SOL KESSIN
34th General Hospital
Brigham City, Utah

"Confound you," roared the general. "Why don't you be more careful?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, instead of addressing this letter to the Intelligence Office, you addressed it to the Intelligent Officer. You ought to know there's no such person in the Army."

—Pfc. LARRY O'DONNELL
Hawaii

These are the soldiers' loves, in order of importance:

Pvt.: 1) Himself. 2) Chewing gum. 3) Beer.

Pfc.: 1) Himself. 2) Beer. 3) Stripes.

Cpl.: 1) Stripes. 2) Himself. 3) Beer.

Sgt.: 1) Himself. 2) Himself. 3) Himself.

—Pvt. RAY MURRAY
North Ireland

Angry Officer: "Not a man in this regiment will be given liberty this afternoon."

Voice: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Officer: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Henry."

—Cpl. WILLIAM H. COLE
Camp Livingston, La.

Capt. Larue C. Chapman, squadron commander at the Roswell (New Mex.) Air Base, was not without a reply to a wire asking a furlough extension from a soldier.

"Whosoever findeth a wife findeth a good thing.—Proverbs 18:22," wired the soldier. "I married today. On this account request is made for five days' furlough extension. My confidence in you tells me I'll receive grace for such an occasion."

Answered the captain:

"Parting is such sweet sorrow.—Shakespeare. Extension denied. My confidence in you assures me you will be back on time."

—Pvt. EDWIN L. BROOKS
Barksdale Field, La.

"Miss You."

—Cpl. S. LANDI
Hq. Btty., AA Command
Richmond, Va.

A soldier went into a barber shop after a gruelling 30-mile hike. He slumped down into a chair.

"Give me a shave," he said.

The barber told him that he was too far down in the chair for a shave.

"All right," said the soldier wearily, "Give me a haircut."

—Cpl. WILLIAM H. COLE
Camp Livingston, La.

This is how our duty sergeant organized the platoon to police up a certain area:

He divided the platoon into three groups: college graduates, high-school graduates and the others. To the college men he assigned the task of picking up cigarette butts; the high-school men were told to pick up match sticks.

"The rest of you guys without any education," he said, "can stand around and learn something."

—Pvt. THEODORE JOHNSON
Fort Bragg, N. C.

"Are you sure we're going to Fort Dix?"

Fort Belvoir, Va. —Cpl. LEONARD SANSONE

THE BIG HOLE

THE ODD THING was his voice: he was angry and tense, worked up as hell, and yet his voice was calm and he never stopped working.

We were digging a hole for garbage. The earth was hard and it was a hot day and we were tired—and sore that we had been hooked for a lousy detail. We kept stopping every few minutes to beef and bull. That is, the three of us beefed. This yellow-haired guy with the Polish name never said a word but kept working. He was big and beefy, a little older than the rest of us, quiet, the kind who does his work and loses himself in a company. I think somebody said he was a miner—he had the thick shoulders of one.

A kid leaned on his shovel and asked, "Ain't this hell? Been in the Army two months and I seen more of a shovel than of a gun. Maybe we're going to dig our way to Berlin."

"Listen to him," the other soldier said, lighting a butt, "two months! I been in 10 months—and this ain't nothing—just a tough way of making a buck 60 a day. This is easy."

It was a big hole, nearly eight feet deep, and we all stopped except the Polish fellow. I said, "Take it easy, Mac, we got all afternoon on this."

"Yeah, he must think he'll find stripes under the dirt," the kid said. "On the outside they pay a buck an hour even for pick and shovel work."

The other soldier sighed, "Man—the outside! Great to be back on the old job. I was making 60 per when Uncle called. Plenty of dough and girls, new car, nothing G.I."

We stood there, smoking and talking about our homes, our jobs, girls—bulling and bitching about the Army. And all the time he kept shoveling. Finally the kid asked: "Hey, you—what are you trying to do, make a showing?"

The Pole said, without looking up: "I ain't got no time to beef. Hell, what you think this is—the Boy Scouts?"

"Oh, a hero," the kid said, winking at us.

"Hero? You're just a kid. What do you know?"

The kid said: "Enough not to break my back."

"You talk like you was doing the Government a favor," the Polish guy said, his heavy muscles moving with each shovel of dirt. "You talk as if you had a . . . a *choice*." The word burst out of him. I saw his face, red with anger. But he kept working as if he wasn't even talking. "What choice do you think you have? Your fine jobs. Ever hear of slave labor in the Nazi-conquered countries? Long hours and no pay? And your cars and homes. Did Hitler let the French or the Greeks keep their cars or homes? They strip the country bare. Girls—you know where your girls would end up. You know all right!" His voice was easy, casual, but he was working faster and faster, his arms going like a machine.

We were too surprised to speak. We stood there and stared at him.

Suddenly he looked up at us for a moment.

"Forget me shouting like this," the miner said and we saw that he was crying a little. "It's this hole. I got a cousin in Poland, just a kid. The Nazis made him dig a hole to bury the women of the town. A big hole, like this. Then they told him to throw up his shovel and climb out, and they machine-gunned him. A big hole he dug—like this." He stopped and his voice rang in the stillness.

He kept digging. For a few moments we still stared at him, then we all started working, working silently and hard.

—Pvt. LEN ZINBERG
Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio

Welcome as a letter from home!

YANK, The Army Weekly, official soldier-written publication of the Armed Forces, is like a big, 24-page letter from home. To get your copy by mail every week, fill out this coupon, send it with one buck to YANK, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City.

35 ISSUES OF YANK—ONE BUCK!

FULL NAME AND RANK SER. NO.

MILITARY ADDRESS 1-33

YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED ONLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTS: TO OUR WAY OF THINKING SGT. LOUIS COULD PUT COMDR. TUNNEY AWAY IN EIGHT ROUNDS

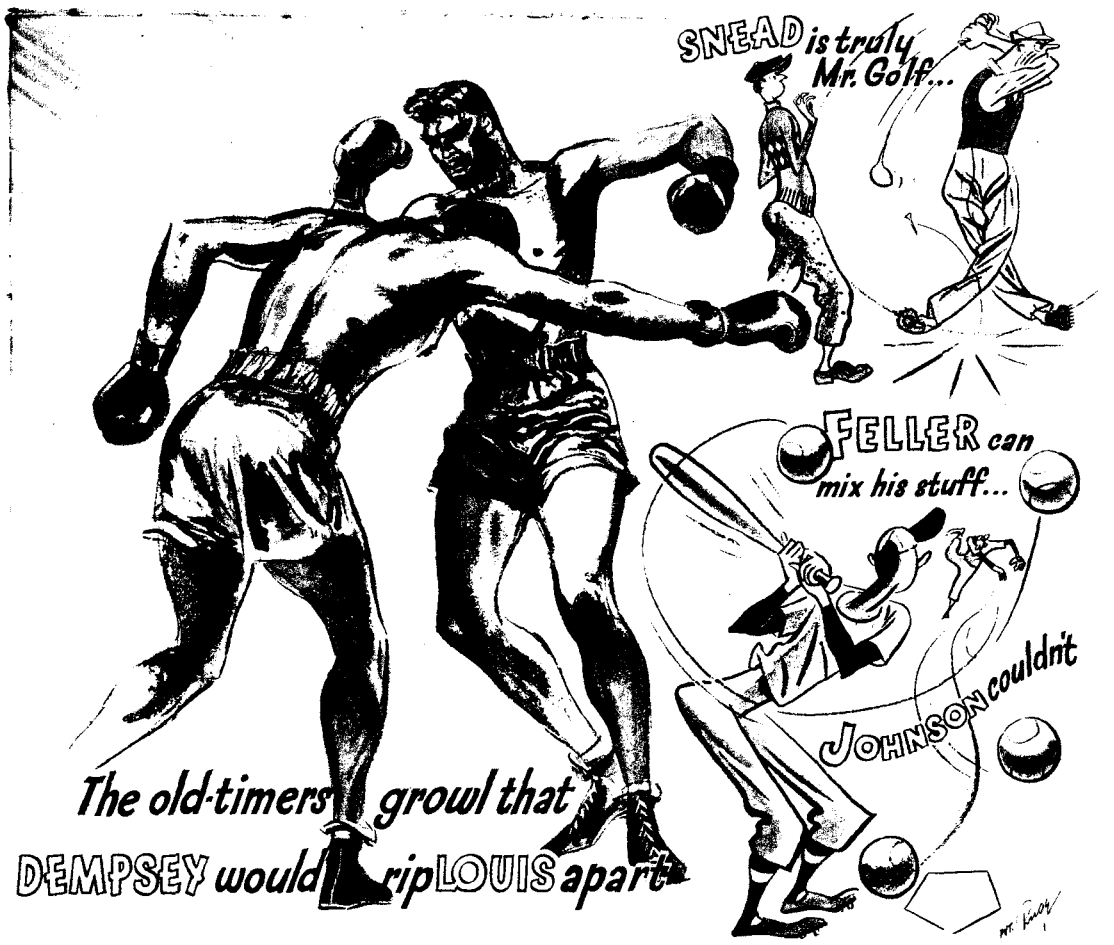
By Sgt. DAN POLIER

IF WE were smart we'd probably skip this delicate subject entirely and turn to the square root of wrestling evils or the life and loves of Cpl. Billy Conn. That is if we were smart. But we're young in mind and light of heart and forever getting unwittingly involved in an argument.

For some time now we've been forced to defend ourself against a pair of 37-mm lungs belonging to a first sergeant. It all started when he began grumbling that the ancient athletes of his better days had more on the ball than the present-day gladiators. It might be well to mention that this diamond-studded zebra is an imposing product of the old school of which the old Army is a subsidiary. His memories go back to wrapped leggins, campaign hats, high collars and that damn hitch in the canal zone.

We don't believe the sergeant would give you a three-day pass for a regiment full of Louises, DiMaggios, Sinkwichs or Sneads. The man has mellow memories of old-timers like Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, Jim Thorpe, Harry Vardon and Jim Corbett. Even his mournful musings, with unimpeachable records to back him up, haven't shaken our confidence in the modern men of today.

We are told that Walter Johnson was the greatest pitcher who ever threw a baseball, and Babe Ruth certainly the greatest slugger. Stories have even reached our ears that Tris Speaker has been the yardstick by which fielding greatness is measured. Maybe so, but we're modern and hungry for an argument. We'll take Chief Petty Officer Bob Feller's steaming fast ball and back-breaking curve to any pitch Johnson hurled at a batter. Feller can mix his stuff. Johnson couldn't.



You old-timers can talk about your sluggers, the Ruths and the Cobbs, all you want. We'll spot you two strikes and take our chances with Aviation Cadet Ted Williams, Lt. Hank Greenberg and private-to-be Joe DiMaggio. These boys are thunderous hitters under much harder playing conditions. The ball parks are bigger now, fences longer, and there's night ball. Sure, Speaker could field, but we'll take our putouts with Joe Gordon, DiMaggio, Eddie Miller and Bill Dickey.

Old man par, a badly battered gentleman, will bear us out that Harry Vardon and Capt. Bobby Jones can't hold Seaman Sammy Snead's bag. This sailor is truly Mr. Golf. None of the boys in the old knickers brigade can match Sammy's 64 at Miami or for that matter his "7" in the National Open. Don't you know Harry Vardon, God rest his soul, must have turned completely over when Jug McSpaden shot 12-under-par 59 at Houston. And to think in a stroke-for-stroke comparison with Snead, Jug is just another guy named Jug.

Sgt. Joe Louis, we believe, could belt any heavyweight silly. He would have butchered fellows like Fitzsimmons, Sullivan, Jeffries, Johnson and Corbett. The illustrious Lt. Jack Dempsey, at his killer best, would have been blasted out of the ring in the fourth round. Dempsey would have moved in on Louis weaving much like Godoy did, and you know what a helpless hunk of man Godoy was when they hauled him to his corner. Comdr. Gene Tunney would have lasted longer, maybe eight rounds, before running into a Louis left hook and getting his head ripped off.

In football, tennis and track, the old-timers must lift their hats while our boys of the fierce 40s go passing by. Jim Thorpe in his wildest dreams never smashed a line with more brute strength than Lt. John Kimbrough or Cpl. Norm Standlee. Show us the passer the equal of Sammy Baugh or the kicker to match the golden slippers of Eric (The Red) Tipton. Where is the runner out of the past to challenge galloping Glenn Cunningham's indoor mile of 4:04.4 or Gunder Haegg's outdoor record of 4.04.6? Four Nurmis running a relay couldn't do it. How long do you think Bill Tilden could last under Donald Budge's stamina, speed or blasting backhand?

You might call all of this just solid, streamlined sense.

201 Big Leaguers Now in Armed Forces

Maybe Brig. Gen. Hershey ought to know that he's got a million-dollar baseball club, enough golfers to fill five or six Ryder cups, more boxing champions and near-champions than Mike Jacobs has handled in 10 years, and enough football players to round out an average-sized Notre Dame football squad.

A late count gave the general and his partners, the Navy, Marines and Coast Guard, a total of 201 major league baseball players, 116 of them from the American League. Even these staggering figures didn't cool the general's enthusiasm. He dipped back into the big leagues and came up with Pistol Pete Reiser, the slugging centerfielder of the Dodgers; Ed Albosta, Pittsburgh's new 24-year-old righthander, and veteran Euel W. Moore, former New York Giant pitching star.

Nobody had to tell Lippy Leo Durocher, the Dodger skipper, that he was as good as gone. The general ordered Durocher to take a physical examination, the usual preliminary before you-know-what. Joe DiMaggio, perhaps the greatest player in modern baseball, says he will enlist. The Coast Guard has first call on his services.

Wild Pitch

Fort MacArthur, Calif.—Private Charles H. Ruffing—civilian experience: baseball player; employer: New York Yankees—tells this one about his first day in camp:

"I understand you are a good pitcher, Ruffing," the first sergeant said.

"Well, I'm a pitcher," Ruffing replied.

"Okay," barked the sergeant, "let's see how fast you can pitch this tent!"

Football players have been ushered into the Army in such tremendous numbers that now the selective service considers them a drug on the market. This is not true of the Marine Corps. They have always insisted on nothing but the best. Frankie Sinkwich, everybody's all-everything, was grabbed up as a Marine officer candidate while he was still an undergraduate at Georgia. Sinkwich reports for training in March. But first he will make a football movie for Columbia Pictures.

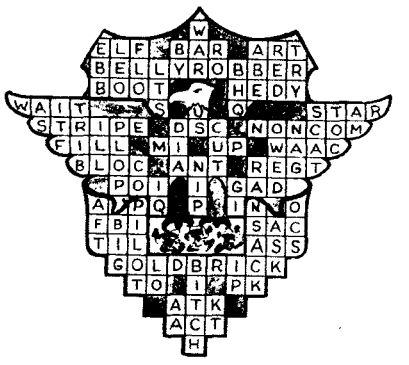
The Marines have another prize in Hugh Gallerneau, right halfback of the Chicago Bears and former Stanford star. He was commissioned a second lieutenant and ordered to Quantico for training.

Another football man, Earl H. Blaik, who has been in the Army informally as head football coach at West Point, has returned to active duty with the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Cavalry. Col. Blaik is a West Point graduate and a product of the Fort Riley Cavalry School.

Two top-flight tennis players, Helen Jacobs and Frankie Parker, have been mustered into service. Miss Jacobs is an officer candidate in the WAVES at Smith College. She hopes to become a public relations officer. Parker, who was the nation's No. 2 man last year, will specialize in aviation camouflage in the Army.

Still another headliner finds himself in the Army. Clayton Heafner, one of the leading money winners on the pro golf circuit, was inducted at Camp Croft. Heafner had been in defense work at Durham, N. C.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES



CHECKERBOARD STRATEGY

a) Red moves 15 to 10. Black jumps 7 to 14.
b) Red moves 31 to 26. Black moves 14 to 17. (Because if he moved 21 to 25, then Red would draw immediately by 26 to 22.)
c) Red moves 9 to 13. Black moves 18 to 22.
d) Red moves 26 to 23. Black moves 21 to 25.
e) Red moves 23 to 18. Black jumps 22 to 15.
f) Red jumps 13 to 22 to 29 . . . and the game is drawn!

Note that every black move has been forced.

EYES RIGHT?

Both the same. Measure them and see.

WHO DUNNED IT?

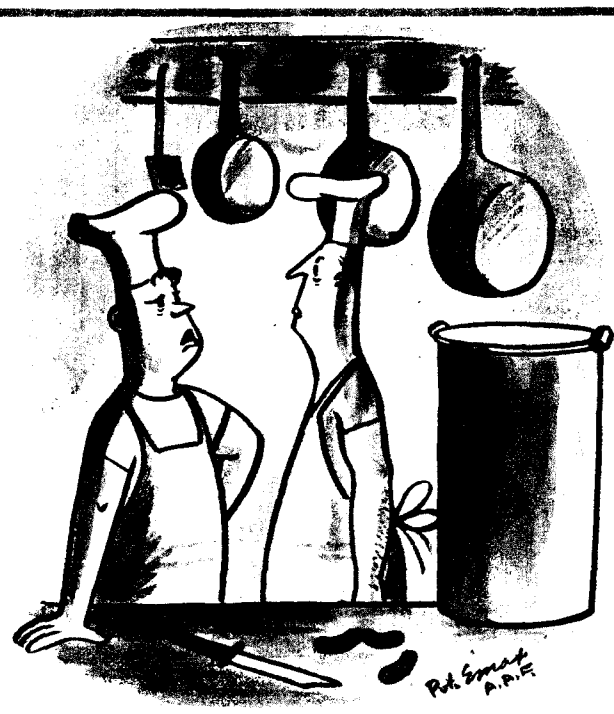
9567
1085
10652

Post cards are those manufactured by private persons. Postal cards are issued by the Government, and have the stamps printed thereon.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

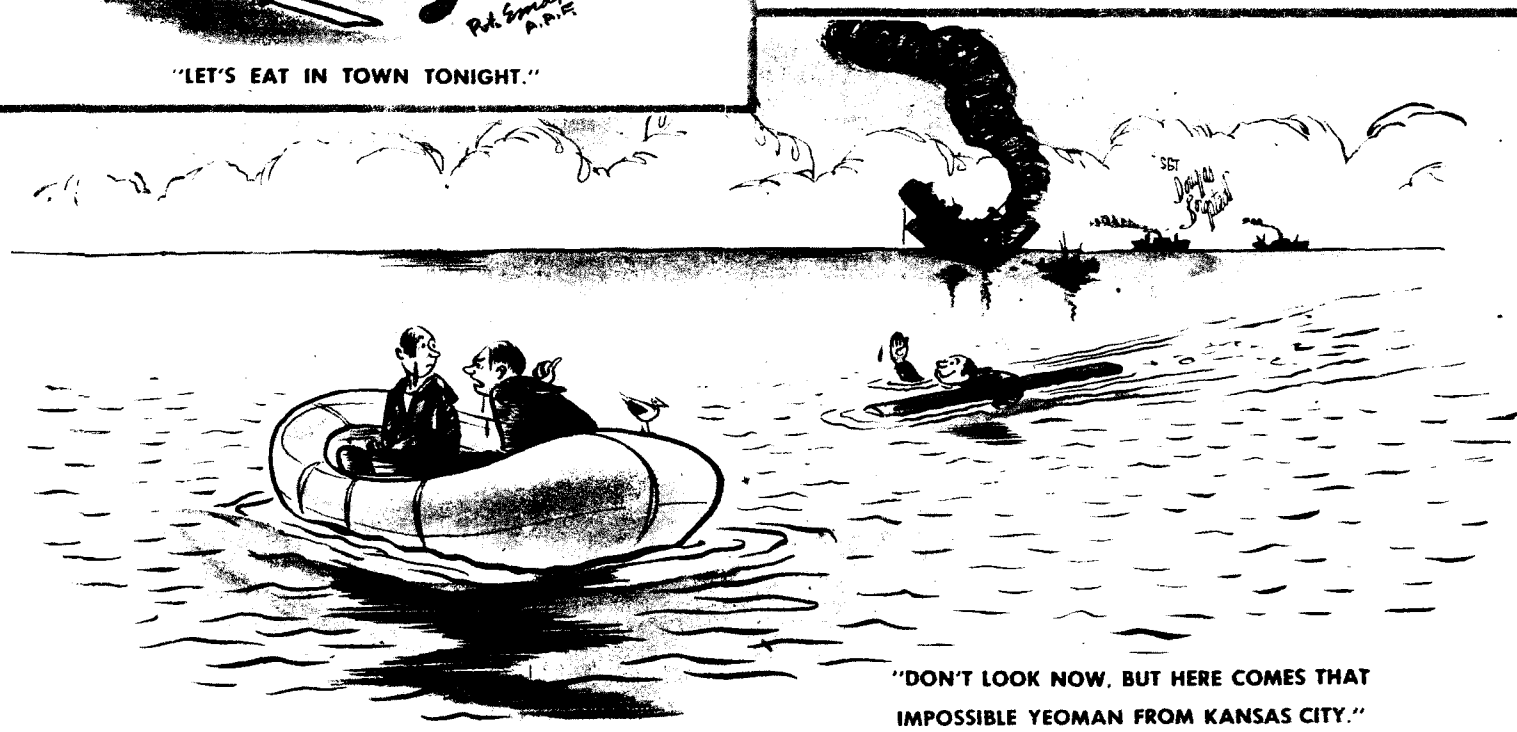
"NOW THAT YOU'RE REALLY HOME ON FURLOUGH, WHAT WOULD YOU REALLY LIKE TO DO?"

"IS THAT YOU, MASTER SERGEANT O'LEARY?"



"LET'S EAT IN TOWN TONIGHT."

"HEATED AND SERVED AFLAME, THESE LITTLE CAKES MAKE A VERY SATISFACTORY DESSERT."



"DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT HERE COMES THAT IMPOSSIBLE YEOMAN FROM KANSAS CITY."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED